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THE CALIPH'S JUDGMENT.



"The caliph sat in state."

HAROUN the caliph sat in state,
Enthroned on high in his judgment-seat,
Set under the arch of his palace-gate,
Where the people knelt at his feet.

Calm and stately the caliph's face
Smiled over the sheen of his snow-white beard:
A peerless chief of the Prophet's race—
The man of all men revered.

Then Jaffar the vizier, standing there,
Cried: "Lord of the Faithful, I pray thee say
Shall the people passing the palace-stair
Find grace in thine eyes this day?"

"For lo! last night, when the sun went down
And gilded the crest of each golden dome,
Up through the streets of the silent town—
The children of Islam's home—

"Paced slowly a pilgrim old and lone—
Shade of the Prophet!—a caitiff Jew—
Who swore that his words of all men alone
Could the sacred spell undo."

"Bring me the boaster," the caliph said,
"And set him here in the judgment-hall,
That so, ere his sinful soul be sped,
We judge him, one and all!"

Hiram the Hebrew, with dauntless air,
Looked round on the might of the turbaned
through,
And, inly breathing an earnest prayer,
Stood silent, stern, and strong.

"O Hebrew Hakim! I warn thee well,"
Said Haroun the caliph in solemn tone.
"Nay, set not thy life on a subtle spell,
But look to my hand alone!"

"For I am mighty to loose and bind—
The righteous ruler men call *The Just*;
But lo! mine anger is like the wind
That scatters the chaff like dust!"

Then answered Hiram: "Thy servant sees
In dreamy distance strange things that be,
And so shall my Master answer these
That stand in His sight with thee.

"Lo! He who treasures our trembling tears
Shall hold me safe on life's lonely way,
In whose dread presence a thousand years
Are but as yesterday!"

Loud laughed the caliph, but Hiram stood
Silent one moment, then bade them bring
A bowl of water—in earnest mood
He held in his hand a ring.

Then he answered: "Lord of the Faithful, look
With thy face bent down in the water clear,
And say if pride has thy soul forsook;
And tell what thou findest here."

Haroun al-Rashid the caliph bent
His face o'er the brim of the golden bowl;
Then strange was the message the Master sent,
And sad was the caliph's soul.

For lo! as he looked it seemed to him
That he stood in the desert burned and bare,
And Jaffar, with visage gaunt and grim,
Was lord and master there.

No longer servant and vizier he,
But, perched on a camel's back in pride,
With scoffs and curses he turned to see
Where Haroun toiled at his side;

For Haroun—the camel-driver's slave—
Wearily toiled 'neath the noonday sun;
A beast of burden himself, he drove
His beast till the day was done.

High overhead shone the scorching beam;
Deep underfoot glowed the burning sand;
While, haunting all, like a hideous dream,
Shone the mirage bright and bland.

Curses, blows, with the salt of tears,
Wasted the wan slave day by day,
While the chill, cold night brought a dream of
years
In some lost life far away,

Where Bagdad nestled in leafy green,
With its clustered domes in the sunset bright—
And Ayesha, his best beloved—his queen—
Like a dove, dressed all in white.

Day after day, in its dreary round,
They followed ever the camel's track
'Neath the skies of brass, while never a sound
The sweltering sand gave back;

Till Jaffar the master drooped and died,
Draining the water—life's priceless store;
The patient camel sank on its side—
A struggle—and all was o'er.

The fierce sun set with an angry glare,
And Haroun sank on the burning sands,
While his black lips muttered his heart's despair;
And, clasping his bony hands—

"Allah, have mercy! My brow I bend—
A broken reed that the breeze may sway;
Humbly I seek what thy hands may send,
But send swift death, I pray!"

Long months seemed fled in that ghastly dream,
But the emirs standing around the throne
That glowed in the redd'ning sunset's gleam
Deemed only a moment flown.

Then Haroun the caliph raised his head
And gazed o'er the golden basin's brim,
And he heard his guards, with their martial
tread,
Tramp under the arches dim.

He heard the splash of the fountain's fall
That echoed ever through perfumes sweet—
For lo! in the gate of his pillared hall
He sat in his judgment-seat;

And out from the gilded lattice high,
While the fading daylight flickered fire,
Ayesha, his best beloved, sang nigh—
The pearl of his heart's desire.

"Allah akbar!" the caliph cried;
And Hiram the Hebrew, standing there,
Lifted his earnest eyes and sighed,
Breathing an inward prayer.

"Allah akbar! I bow my head
To Him who humbles my paltry pride.
"Go, holy Hakim," the caliph said,
"And peace in thy paths abide!"

"Lo! thou hast taught me life's lesson late,
How pride of power and mortal might
Bend under the iron hand of Fate—
And all in a flash of light!"

NOTE.—The legend on which this poem is founded is as follows: Jaffar the vizier brought a Jew before Haroun al-Rashid, Caliph of Bagdad, who had laughed at the Prophet and the pride of Haroun. The populace demanded his immediate death, but Haroun parleyed with him. The Jew defended his conduct, and said that the caliph's pride and vanity were an offense in the eyes of the Lord of Hosts, in whose sight "a thousand years were but as yesterday." Then the caliph laughed, and asked how a thousand years could seem so brief and swiftly passed, when the Jew called for a bowl of water, dropped his signet-ring therein, and asked the caliph to dip his face in the water. Haroun did so, and immediately he seemed to be a camel-driver's slave in the desert, on the pilgrimage to Mecca, enduring unheard-of tortures and suffering for many weeks; until, these becoming unbearable, he prayed to Allah to let him die. At this point Haroun raised his face from the water, and saw that the lips of the Jew were yet moving with the words he had just uttered. Filled with awe, the caliph acknowledged the truth of the lesson which he had just received, and commanded them to release the Jew.

EDWARD RENAUD.

JACK STEBBINS'S STORY.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

IT is the way of the world to blame a woman—some woman or other—for most things that go wrong with men. Not to be out of the fashion, I might as well begin by saying that Molly was at the bottom of my trouble. There wasn't a sweeter girl, nor a prettier, in New York City than Molly used to be; and there isn't a better little wife in the world (if I do say it that shouldn't) than she is now. As to all she knew about it, no baby could have been more innocent; but, all the same, it was for her sake I got myself into the roughest scrape ever I was in, before or since.

It was nigh upon Christmas, you see, and I wanted Molly for my Christmas-gift. I wasn't doubtful about getting her, for we'd kept company long enough to know each other's mind, and I didn't expect her to say "No" when I asked her to be my wife. But I didn't want to ask her till I had the engagement-ring all ready to slip on her finger as soon as she said the word. And I'd set my heart on giving her the sort of ring that would please her. She had a nice taste about such things, and never wore any of those flashy French gilt gewgaws that some women dangle about 'em. The little brooch and earrings that she always wore (and wears 'em still) were pure gold, and the stones in 'em were small, to be sure, but they were real amethysts. They had been her mother's before her, and Molly thought so much of them that I was sure nothing else would please her so well as an amethyst-ring to match.

I had had my eye on one for I don't know how long, in a Broadway window. It was a lovely purple color and clear as water, the stone itself; and the gold setting was fine and delicate, just what she liked, I knew. The price was twenty-five dollars, and that was where the hitch came, for I hadn't the money, and couldn't beg it nor borrow it from the best friend I had in the world.

They were hard times, you see, for men that depended on the city for a living. I was a government official in a small way, and there'd been a grand row among the big-wigs, that made things shaky for all of us. I hadn't anything to do with the plunder, Lord knows, and never made a cent out of my place that I wasn't honestly entitled to. But suspicion was the order of the day, and reform was the outcry; and all sorts of charges were made right and left. Some of 'em were for the better, maybe; there were plenty more that served no honest purpose, and brought good men into cruel trouble. I had the luck to keep my place, while a lot of the fellows all round me were discharged; and mighty good luck I thought it.

I wasn't so jolly after a while, when two or three months went by, and I had plenty of hard work, but no salary to show for it. Under the old rule, they were very regular about the pay-rolls, and every employé of the city got his warrant for his month's salary on the last day of the month. All that was changed by the reform-party, and nobody was to be paid anything at all, it appeared. There was so much corruption! Hordes of men drawing salaries they had never earned! The city treasury emptied to swell the pockets of thieves! Down with the frauds! Put a stop to the plunder!

There was a deal of fine talking, and no end of "investigations;" and, meanwhile, hard-working men, about whose honesty no question could be raised, were kept out of their just dues month after month. The straits they were put to sometimes were cruel enough. I've seen a man get white and faint at his desk from sheer hunger; had four months' salary due him, and not a cent in his pocket to buy a penny-roll! Most of them had families, and were half distracted at seeing them suffer. But it was all in the

name of reform, and a fine name covers a multitude of sins.

I felt pretty bitter as the time went on, and there was no sign of any pay, only more work put upon us all the while, and a lot of petty rules to mind that made a fellow feel like a nigger under an overseer. I was in debt to my landlady, and my washerwoman, and the cobbler that mended my boots. I couldn't even take Molly a paper of sugar-plums or a bunch of flowers when I went to see her; and I hardly got the chance to go to see her once a week, for the night-work that was piled upon us without any law to show for it.

The fellows grumbled and swore, but that didn't mend matters; and things were looking blue enough for me, when one day came a rumor that salaries were to be paid at last. It turned out to be true, at least, that something was to be paid on account; and when the day came you can bet I was on hand, all alive. There was a crowd of hungry men outside the paymaster's counter. Nobody knew for certain whose name would be called, or how much anybody would get of what was really due him. We all waited for our chance, and the chances went dead against me.

When the pay-roll of our office was called, there were about two out of five on the list, and I wasn't one of the lucky ones. I had waited two hours for my turn, and waited for nothing; and the devil came into me as I stood there, hungry and tired, with my hands in my empty pockets, and thought of the money that belonged to me and I couldn't get. A name was called from another pay-roll—the name of a man I knew, and I knew he wasn't there to answer it.

"George Meriwether!" sung out the paymaster. "Step up here, sir, and be quick about it."

The devil was in me, as I said, and he took me to the counter quicker than a flash. There was something said all in a jumble, then an order to hold up my hand, and a Bible pushed in front of me for my affidavit.

"George Meriwether—solemnly swear and vow—person herein described—faithfully fulfilled duties—best of your knowledge and belief—so help you God!"

I kissed the Bible, signed George Meriwether's name, and walked off with a check for seventy-five dollars that didn't belong to me, all in a jiffy; and nobody raised a finger to hinder me. The next thing was to get the check certified, and I walked round to the auditor's desk, and pushed it under Mr. Blacklock's nose.

"Will you please certify to this signature for me, sir?"

And Mr. Blacklock, being very busy with a crowd of other matters of the same sort, and supposing it was all right, for he'd seen my face there often enough before, and knew I was in the city's employ—he certified the check without asking any questions, and off I went to the bank to get my money for it.

It was all done so quick I hadn't time to think what I was about. It wasn't till I was on my way home, with the greenbacks in my pocket, that the cold shivers began to run

over me with the recollection that I had committed a felony.

"How the deuce did I come to do it?" I asked myself; and I vow I couldn't answer the question any more than you can. I was an honest man to the best of my knowledge and belief, never stole the worth of a cent before, nor felt tempted to in any way, manner, or shape. Yet there I was with seventy-five dollars in my pocket that belonged to George Meriwether; and I'd not only cribbed the money, but committed a forgery, and done it all with a check that was more surprising than anything else; because I'm not a cheeky fellow by any means. Ask Molly, and she'll tell you so.

It was all a puzzle, and I was so twisted up in it that I never thought of doing the sensible thing, which would have been, of course, to hunt up George Meriwether, and give him back his own. On the contrary, the money began to feel warm and comfortable in my pocket; and, passing by that jeweler's window, there lay my amethyst-ring, looking prettier than ever. A gray-headed old chap, with a slip of a girl on his arm, stood looking in at the window as I stopped. He was teasing her, with a sort of twinkle in his eye, about something she was admiring.

"It's too old for you," he was saying.

And she answered back, quite eagerly:

"Oh, no, it isn't. I like amethysts better than anything except opals—and you know they're too expensive."

"Well, wait till Christmas, and we'll see what happens," the old gentleman said, and they passed on.

But I had heard enough to frighten me. Was it *my* ring missy was after? I'd see to that on the spot.

So I walked into the store, and told the fellow behind the show-case that I'd like to look at that case of finger-rings in the window.

"Any one in particular?" says he, for he saw I meant business.

"Well, yes; there's an amethyst I rather like," says I, as cool as if it was every-day work.

He brought out the box; and I took up the ring, turned it round about, looked at the stone against the light, tried it on my little-finger, and at last pulled out my roll of greenbacks, and tossed three tens on the counter.

"I'll take that," I said; "but I want it marked first. How soon can you do it?"

"Have it ready for you to-morrow morning," he answered.

"All right. I'll call for it as I go down town."

So I wrote the inscription, "M. M." (which meant *My Molly*), "Christmas-eve, 18—." The clerk brought me my change, and I walked off with only fifty left of George Meriwether's money.

Something seemed to whisper to me as I left the store: "Do you know you could go to State-prison for this, Jack Stebbins?"

And I answered, just as if it had been a real voice: "That's all stuff, you know. Who's going to prove I did it? Like as not George Meriwether won't find out there was a check for him; *he* ain't hard up like

me, confound him! If he does, and makes a row about it, where's the harm? He can't tell who got the check, and nobody else can, unless Blacklock spots me. I'll keep out of *his* way easy enough. And, by-and-by, when I'm paid up myself, I'll make it all right with George. It's only borrowing, anyhow. There's no stealing about it, and ain't going to be."

Before I got home I made myself believe there was no harm done. George Meriwether was an only son, and lived with his father, who was comfortably well off. He had no board-bills to pay, and could afford to let his salary lie over. The fact that he wasn't on hand to take his warrant showed how little he cared for it. Most likely he would never hear of it till I was ready to fix the matter; and even if he did, and the worst came to the worst, all they could prove would be that *somebody* had taken Meriwether's warrant, and signed his name, and fobbed the cash. Meriwether could prove that *he* hadn't signed it, but who was going to swear to the man that did, in the rush and crowd around the paymaster's counter that day? Clearly, no one had suspected me then, and no one was likely to now.

I settled it all to suit myself, and got rid of the money as quick as possible: gave my landlady something on account, and paid my shoemaker and my washerwoman up to date. Then I bought some candy and tin trumpets and things for Molly's little brothers, and a doll for little Tilly Slocum (landlady's infant), and some neck-ribbons for the two chambermaids; after which I treated Jack Stebbins to a lavender tie and a pair of yellow kids, and bought two tickets, with reserved seats, for Wallack's. I hadn't taken Molly to the theatre for three months, and I was bound to do it once more if I died for it.

By the time I got through, that roll of greenbacks had shrunk pretty small; but I kept enough to buy a box of *bombons* for Molly, and leave something over for a little supper at Bigot's after the play. I sent the box to her, with a pink note asking if I might have the honor of calling for her the next night (which was Christmas-eve) to go to the theatre with me. She sent back a dear little answer that "the box was lovely, and I was very kind, and she would be delighted to go."

When I read it, I forgot all about George Meriwether and the stolen check; for I could think of nothing but Molly and the happiness that was in store for to-morrow. I made a picture to myself of her pretty face covered with blushes when I told her how I loved her, and put the ring on her finger to prove it, and I couldn't help laughing out loud as I fancied her saying, what I knew she would say:

"O Jack! how could you be so extravagant?"

It was a fool's paradise, I suppose, but it was mighty sweet for the time, if I did have to get out of it afterward with a vengeance. Everything happened just as I wanted it. Molly was dressed in her prettiest, waiting for me, when I got to her father's house. The old folks were in the parlor, very chippy and good-natured; the young ones were tooting their tin horns, and yelling "Merry

Christmas" at me. There was moonlight, I remember, and the walk down to Wallack's—for Molly lived up-town, and we didn't ride, no such geese!—was enough to make a fellow spoony, if he hadn't been set that way to begin with. Tell you all about it? Not if I know myself. There are some things in this world that are not meant to be common property, even when a man is up for confession.

I'll say as much as this, though, that I didn't waste my opportunities. When we took our seats in the theatre the ring was on Molly's finger, and her eyes were shining with a light that made me the happiest man on earth. If we didn't either of us remember much about the play, it's no great wonder. We enjoyed it immensely, anyhow.

The next day was Christmas, and a holiday, of course. I went up to take Molly to church, and was invited to come back to dinner. That was my chance to settle it with the old folks, and everything went on swimmingly. Father kissed Molly, and mother kissed me, and the boys were only too glad of a chance to raise a hullabaloo about anything. They shouted over the ring, and sang "Pretty Polly Hopkins" with variations, and set Molly's cheeks on fire with the questions they asked. But it was jolly, after all, and the best of it came when Molly and I had the parlor to ourselves in the afternoon. It was cloudy and cold, so we dropped the curtains over the windows and drew the sofa up to the fire; and Molly nestled in the corner like a little white kitten, and took out her knitting-work, as she called it—a bundle of something soft, and white, and fluffy, that was just an excuse for bewitching me with the twinkle of her pretty fingers. The purple amethyst sparkled in the firelight, as her hands moved to and fro; and every now and then she would look at it in a sidelong way, and then give me a laughing glance that was enough to make a fool of a wiser man than I ever pretended to be.

Was I going to bother my head about George Meriwether and his unlucky check at a time like this? Not I! It never so much as crossed my mind, and, whether I had a right to it or not, I got my streak of sunshine that day.

Back at the office next morning, with a lot of seedy fellows around that hadn't had any merry Christmas to speak of, things weren't so sunshiny. Some of 'em began to pitch into me for looking so jolly.

"He's been having a good time somewhere, you bet," said Ned Simpson. "Look at him grinning like a catamount. Been to see his girl, I s'pose, and had a good dinner."

"Lord, how I wish I had a girl to give me a good dinner!" Joe Hoxie put in. "Turkey wouldn't go round at our house; but when a fellow owes his landlady three months' board, how's he going to look her in the eye and tell her he don't relish a skinny old chicken-wing? Just answer me that, now."

"Who do you think's going to guess conundrums for you?" growled Higginson. "You'd better shut up your gab, all of you, and go to work."

"Hullo! what's up with Higginson?"

said Joe; and we were all surprised to see him so rough, for he was a mild sort of chap generally, that didn't interfere with anybody, and let other people do his grumbling. He was unusually excited this morning, snapped at everybody, and banged things around in a way I never saw him do before.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" Joe asked again. "You don't appear to be in a Christian frame of mind."

"Which I ain't," was Higginson's answer, "and which you wouldn't be either, if you hadn't a red cent to take home to your wife and children."

"Thank the Lord for the wife and children I haven't got!" said Joe, piously. "As to the red cent, we're all in the same boat, you know. What's the use of fretting?"

"Well, when a man thinks he's got a chance, and sees it snatched away from him by a confounded piece of rascality, it's enough to make him cross, ain't it? I had the promise of fifty dollars from a man that got a check the other day when salaries were paid. I was as sure of it as could be, but what do you s'pose I heard yesterday? That Meriwether wasn't there at all when his name was called, and some scamp or other—nobody knows who—was good enough to sign for him and walk off with his check!"

"Is that so?" cried Ned Simpson. "Why, I was there myself, and heard Meriwether's name sung out. What a cheek the fellow must have had! Are you sure it ain't a mistake, Higginson? Who told you about it?"

"Why, George Meriwether himself. He ought to know, hadn't he? No such luck for me as a mistake."

"What's he going to do about it?" somebody asked.—It wasn't Jack Stebbins, by-the-way.

"Do?" said Higginson, despondently. "Why, what can he do? hunt for a needle in a haystack?"

"Yes!" shouted Joe Hoxie, banging his big fist on the desk. "I'd rummage the haystack till I found the sneak, confound him! I'd never let up on a haul like that if it was me."

"Oh, you can talk!" said Higginson, fretfully. "Of course George Meriwether won't let it go without trying, but there ain't one chance in a hundred of his spotting the rascal. No such luck for honest men."

"Well, it beats me how he did it," said Simpson. "Who certified the check for him—Blacklock?"

Higginson nodded.

"To think of his sharp eyes being fooled! Why, I could have sworn that he knew by sight every signature on the city pay-rolls."

"Come now, that's expecting a little too much, ain't it?" I struck in. I knew I had to say something, but it seemed as if my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth; my voice sounded thick and strange to my own ears; and the skin of my head felt *creepy*, as if the hairs were standing on end. I put my hand up on the sly to smooth them down, and I couldn't help wondering if those men around me didn't hear my heart beat.

"Blacklock doesn't often make a blunder," said Joe Hoxie. "He's as sharp as a steel-trap; but he's put his foot in it this

time, if he *did* certify that check. The bank will hold him responsible, and he'll have to shell out the money."

"Will he?" asked Higginson, eagerly. "Then George Meriwether will get it, after all?"

"Yes, and you may come in for your fifty, old fellow. Hope you will," said Joe, good-naturedly; "but I wouldn't like to be in that sneak-thief's shoes, with Blacklock after me. He'll find him out in a week's time, see if he don't."

"The Lord grant it!" said Higginson, with such a pious unction that everybody roared. Everybody, at least, but Jack Stebbins, who cackled outwardly as loud as the rest, but sung small inside, I can tell you.

What a day that was to get through! The story got around, and every man I met had something to say about it. I heard myself called more hard names than I ever thought I could have listened to, and not put my fist in somebody's face. But I had to grin and agree to it all, and make out that I would be glad to see the rogue caught, when all the while I was shaking with fear lest some unlucky chance should put Blacklock on the right scent. Everybody agreed that he would have to refund the money, since it was he that let the signature pass unquestioned; and I, fool that I was, had never thought of that. It was a different thing from borrowing George Meriwether's money for a week or two, and paying it back when my own came along, which was the way the matter looked in *my* eyes. Mr. Blacklock wouldn't be likely to see it so, not by a long shot; and he wasn't the man to sit still and let himself be robbed for nothing. If Joe Hoxie said it once that day, he said it at least a dozen times:

"Blacklock will catch that fellow, you mind what I say. I'll bet on it three to one."

I could have choked him with a good will.

There was no going to see Molly that night, though we got off duty earlier than usual. I couldn't face her innocent eyes with such a secret to hide, and I didn't want to go home, either. There was always a lot of gabbling women in the parlor of evenings, and my little den in the third story was cold as a barn. Did well enough to sleep in, but I wasn't likely to go to sleep early that night. So I traveled the streets till midnight, with my coat buttoned to my chin, and my hat jammed over my eyes, and my hands in my empty pockets. I kept out of the lighted thoroughfares, and sneaked along the shady side of the darkest streets I could find. And I dare say I looked uncommonly like the shabby rogue everybody had been calling me all day long. I know I felt so, easy enough. And I'd have gladly bargained all the money coming to me, though it was four times what I had taken, for a clear conscience again. The shame of the thing, that somehow or other hadn't got into my thick head at first, weighed me down now, crushed my self-respect, made me feel like a dog that was going to be hung, and deserved it, too. What would Molly say if she knew she was engaged to a thief? and how long would it be before she found it out?

The cold sweat stood all over me as I asked myself that question. But all my conjuring over it, and pounding my brains for some way to get out of the scrape, only made things more of a muddle. I'd have shammed sick, and staid away from the office for a day or two, if I had dared. But I had sense enough to see that wouldn't answer. So I kept to work as well as I could, and nothing particular happened for the next three days. There was plenty of talk, of course, and Higginson came in very jolly one morning because Mr. Blacklock had paid Meriwether out of his own pocket for the stolen check.

"Went against the grain, you bet," said Joe Hoxie.

"Oh, of course. But he was mighty cool about it," Higginson answered. "Told Meriwether he'd get it back all in good time. Had his eyes open, and knew which way to look."

"Lord! I'm glad it ain't this way," said Joe, with his hearty laugh. "I'd as soon have a bloodhound after me as Blacklock."

It was cheerful for me to listen to. But I kept a straight face, and asked myself how *could* he know which way to look? Had he got hold of any of my writing, and compared it with the writing on the check? Had anybody watched me at the bank, and given him a clew? Had George Meriwether himself suspected me, and set him on the track? A dozen possibilities came into my mind, and made me half crazy. But nothing came of it all till Saturday, when I had to go over to the controller's office with a bundle of old vouchers that had to be hauled over the coals again. It wasn't my place to attend to such things, but they put it on me because I happened not to be busy just then; and of course I couldn't refuse to go, little as I liked the job. There was one thing about it, though; it would give me the chance to get a look at Mr. Blacklock again, and I thought I could tell something by his face as to whether he suspected me or not. If he didn't take any particular notice of me, why, then I'd feel a little easier in my mind.

He was writing at his desk when I came up with my bundle, and didn't seem to see me till I put it under his nose. Then he started up sharp as a knife.

"What's that?"

"Those vouchers of Willoughby Brothers, and the Perrine contracts. You know what to do with them, Mr. Thrall says."

"All right. Leave 'em there," he said.

And I was turning away, glad enough to get off, when he stopped me short.

"Wait a minute. I've something to say to you, now I think of it. You're in the office, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is—?"

"John Stebbins" (trying to look as unconcerned as I could, but you can guess if my heart was in my mouth or not).

"John Stebbins," he said, after me, with a queer kind of look. "Is that the name you always go by?"

"No, sir. Most people call me Jack," I answered, in an off-hand way, doing my best not to look scared.

"Ah, indeed! And nobody, by any ac-

cident, ever calls you—*George Meriwether*, for instance?"

"No, sir, they don't."

But my voice shook in spite of me, and, do my best, I couldn't help dropping my eyes before the look in his, that seemed to go right through me.

"You're quite sure," he went on, speaking very low, "that John Stebbins, or Jack—it's all the same—is your real name?"

"Yes, it is," I said, doggedly. "And I don't know what you are driving at, Mr. Blacklock."

"I'll show you." And he took out a slip of paper from an inside pocket, and laid it flat on the desk before me. It was the check with the false signature; and, as I got sight of the name I had written, the room and everything in it seemed to spin round me. It was all I could do to keep from staggering, I was that sick and dizzy; but still I tried to put a bold face on it.

"Who signed that check?" he asked.

And I answered:

"George Meriwether, I suppose. What do I know about it?"

"You know enough about it to send you to Sing Sing," he said, very quietly, folding up the paper and putting it back in his pocket. "And I know all that's necessary for my purposes. You can go back to your office, Mr. Stebbins."

He began to write again, as if he had nothing more to say. But I didn't go.

"Mr. Blacklock, you've said a very hard thing to me. I think I've got a right to ask what you mean by it," I began, for I had to make an effort, though I knew it was all up with me.

He turned upon me with a savage look.

"See here, sir, I don't propose to waste words with you, nor to give you any unnecessary information. I've a good memory for faces and voices; and you know as well as I do why I'm likely to remember yours. Don't make a bad matter worse for yourself by pretending *not* to know."

I began to see that I had no chance at that, sure enough; and in my fright I stammered out something about being allowed to explain. But he shut me up shortly.

"I don't want any of your explanations, and I don't ask you any questions. You've got just one chance to keep out of jail, and I wouldn't give you that if I didn't see some excuse for you in the way things have gone lately."

"Things have gone deuced hard for honest men lately," I said, bitterly.

"But that's no excuse for honest men turning rogues," he answered back. "And *honest* men don't. I sha'n't parley with you about that, however. Your one chance is to bring me seventy-five dollars a week from to-day. If you don't, you know the consequences, and I know where to find you."

Somebody came up to speak to him, and I walked out without answering; but if ever any whipped dog felt meaner, I'm sorry for him. It took me some time to remember that things weren't as bad as they might have been. I might have been exposed as a thief, and arrested before all the gentlemen in the office; but Mr. Blacklock had taken pains to

speak so that nobody could hear but myself. Evidently he didn't intend to expose or punish me, provided I brought the money back; and he allowed me a week's time for that. I had to own it was letting me off much easier than I had any right to expect. But, after all, what did it amount to? For how was I going to raise seventy-five dollars at a week's notice? No need of my stealing George Meriwether's warrant if I had had an earthly chance of doing that.

It was a black lookout, and, if it hadn't been for Molly, I think I should have been tempted to jump into the river and put an end to it all. What I went through that week, soul and body, trying to raise the money, no tongue can tell. Seventy-five millions wouldn't pay me for the misery I suffered, and how any man can take up stealing for a trade has been a mystery to me ever since. For, mind you, it wasn't only the disgrace of being found out, and the straits I was put to in scraping the money together. A fellow finds out—*when he loses it*—that his own self-respect is worth more to him than anything else in life. I'd have sold myself for a bad sixpence in those days, and pitied the buyer.

Yet I had to keep a stiff upper lip in the office, and before the boarders at the table, and especially before Molly and the old folks. To have let *them* guess what had happened would have killed me. So I hid my trouble the best way I could; but Molly's eyes—tender and watchful eyes they were—found out presently that I had a trouble to hide.

"You're not like yourself, Jack," she said, one night. "You've something on your mind that you don't tell me; and I can just tell *you* that I don't think it is kind."

"It wouldn't be very kind to bother you with my troubles, supposing I had any in particular," I said. "But there's nothing the matter, Molly, as I've told you before."

"Oh, yes! I know you've told me, Jack, but I don't believe it."

She had her knitting-work again—the same white, fluffy stuff that made her hands look so pretty—and the purple stone in her ring shot and sparkled as they flew to and fro. A sudden thought struck me as I watched the nimble fingers, and the gleam of the amethyst in the firelight. A rascally, mean thought it was, but I was in a desperate condition. The week of grace was nearly ended, and I had raised, by dint of actual beggary, the sum of forty dollars. I had written imploring letters to my relations, I had dunned to distraction everybody that owed me a cent; I had gone on my knees, pretty nearly, to everybody I knew that had a cent to lend; and the sum total of my scrapings was forty dollars.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Blacklock would accept any such half-payment as that. He was known for a hard man, and it was a great deal for him to give me the chance at all. I knew what I had to expect if I failed; and yet where, in God's name, to look for another dollar, I didn't know. I can only say, to excuse my meanness, that I was desperate; and the sight of that ring flashing in the firelight made me think of

the money I paid for it—more than that, made me wonder if I couldn't contrive to turn it into money again. And, just as the thought was passing through my mind, Molly gave a little, quick jerk at her knitting-needles—there was a snarl in her wool—and the ring flew off her finger.

"There!" she cried, as it tinkled down on the hearthstone, and I stooped to pick it up; "that's the third time to-day my ring has dropped off. Something is going to happen, Jack, and I know it."

"Something is always happening, ain't it?" said I. "The ring's too big for your ridiculous little finger; that's what's the matter."

"That isn't my fault," she answered, demurely. "It wasn't I that bought it."

"Well, it's got to be fixed, or else you'll lose it some day. I'll take it back to the jeweler's, and make him put a little band inside. You can spare it for a day or two, can't you?"

"Well—yes, if you're sure he won't spoil it, and if you'll be very careful not to lose it, Jack."

"Don't you be a bit alarmed." And I stole a kiss from the pretty, saucy lips that pretended to pout at me. "If I lose it I'll get you another."

"But I don't want another—another wouldn't be the same thing at all," she said. "All right, then, I won't lose it."

And I didn't intend to, if I could help it. I only meant to make her believe I had, poor little Molly! after I had sold it to pay my debt. I was the first customer at that Broadway jeweler's next morning, and the clerk who had sold me the ring came forward, polite enough, wanting to know what he could show me. He changed his tune when I told him I hadn't come to buy, but to sell. Lord! what a difference it makes, don't it? You go to buy a thing, and how it's cracked up for the most perfect thing in all creation! Take it back to the same place, and try to sell it, and you're made to feel that it and you, too, are meaner than dirt.

"Twenty-five dollars you paid for this ring?" says the clerk, picking it up as if it were beneath his notice. "Oh, yes! I dare say. But prices have come down since then. It wouldn't be worth anything like that now, you know, even if it wasn't second-hand."

"Second fiddlestick!" says I, in a rage. "The ring was bought a week ago, and the store-shine ain't off it. You can see that as well as I can."

"But it's marked, and that's enough to make it good for nothing, even if it hadn't been used at all."

"Pretty jeweler you are, if you can't scratch out a couple of letters," I sneered at him. "I know what you're up to; but let's make an end of it. What's the highest figure you'll put upon it?"

"Well, we don't want it at all, you know, but, since you're anxious to sell, I'll see what Mr. So-and-so says."

And Mr. So-and-so, after two or three minutes' whispering, was good enough to offer me seven dollars for the article I had paid him twenty-five for little more than a

week ago. I'm glad to remember that I told him I'd see him hanged first; and I walked out of the store with Molly's ring safe in my pocket again.

No use to try my luck with it anywhere else, so I went down to the office and pitched into work with all my might. Anything to keep from thinking. At lunch-time Higginson and I went out together; and with a kind of forlorn hope—Higginson being a kind-hearted fellow—I told him that I was in a scrape, and wanted somebody, awfully, to help me out of it. I hadn't said a word before to any of the fellows in the office; partly because I knew how poor they all were, and more because I dreaded rousing any curiosity that might end in suspicion. Joe Hoxie had such a nose to scent out things, and he was eternally gabbling about that check anyhow, and betting on Blacklock. But Higginson was different, and I knew he would hold his tongue at least, if he couldn't help me.

So I told him a trumped-up story—that my landlady was down on me for a board-bill—had locked me out of my room and confiscated my traps. I couldn't get so much as a clean shirt or a handkerchief unless I paid her up, and what in thunder was I going to do?

Higginson whistled.

"That's rough, ain't it?" he says. "How much do you owe the old hag?"

"Over a hundred dollars—bad luck to her!"

"Whew! That *is* rough," he says, again. "If it wasn't such a figger, now—"

"Oh, well!" I interrupted. "She'd take something on account, I s'pose. I don't believe she'd hold out for the lump. If I could raise thirty or forty to quiet her for a week or two, there *might* be some chance of salaries coming in by that time."

"So there might," said Higginson, "and then again there mightn't. I'll tell you the only way I know of to help you, Jack, and it's a mere chance at that. Tom Lippincott owes me some money—not as much as a hundred dollars, though—and he promised to pay it as soon as he came back from Philadelphia. He's an agent for Block & Gilsey, and I heard to-day that he was due in town to-morrow. If he comes, and if he pays me, I'll divide with you, old fellow. How's that for high?"

It was enough to make me give his hand such a squeeze that he jumped and wrung it away from me.

"Don't put a man's knuckles out of joint because he's trying to do you a good turn!" he said, laughing. "Have a glass of lager, and let's drink to Tom's safe return."

Never did I drink to anything with such a good-will as that. To-day was Friday, to-morrow was Saturday—my dreaded day of payment. If only Tom Lippincott came back in time!

I don't know how I got through the rest of the day, and round till noon, Saturday. Higginson went off to look for his man then, and I waited for him at Crook & Fox's, in a perfect fever of hope and fear, first one thing, then another. It was ruin if he didn't come, I knew, but it was too good luck altogether,

for me, if he did. Still, if he *only* did, and I got out of this one scrape, how I would toe the mark in future—do justly, love mercy, walk humbly before the Lord!

It was no use, all my vowing and promising. Higginson came back with a long face. Lippincott hadn't arrived, and it was uncertain if he would come by an evening-train, or stay over till Monday.

"I'm sorry for you, Jack," he said, kindly. "But don't let it worry you, old fellow. Come home with me, and stay over Sunday. My little woman will make you welcome, and we've got a baby worth looking at, I can tell you."

Poor old Higginson! I felt ashamed to have deceived him, wretched as I was, and I was half tempted to tell him the whole truth then and there. I didn't, though, and I excused myself from going home with him. I had a friend in Brooklyn, I told him, who wouldn't mind giving me a bed. When we went back to the office, I found somebody was wanted to carry a message to the deputy-controller, and I offered to go. I knew I must get word to Mr. Blacklock somehow or other, and ask him for an extension—that was my only hope. This was a good opportunity to do it, and I went, though I would rather have taken a beating. He wasn't at his desk, however, and not expected again that day, the second auditor said. My heart jumped up for a minute, with a great sense of relief. But it went down again.

"If your name is Stebbins," the second auditor said, "there's a message for you from Mr. Blacklock."

"That's my name, sir."

"Well, he expected you here before noon to-day, and, as you didn't put in an appearance, you're to report at his house to-night. There's a message going up in an hour or so, and you can send any word you like."

"I'll write a note if you'll lend me a pen," I said.

And he told me I'd find one at Mr. Blacklock's desk. So I sat down in his chair, and wrote that I would be at his house by nine o'clock in the evening, and hoped to make things satisfactory. I took care not to sign my name, or say anything that could be used against me. And I went off, feeling as if I had a lease of life for a few hours longer, anyhow. Tom Lippincott might get home before I had to see Mr. Blacklock, and Higginson had promised to be on the watch for him and let me know. It might be all right yet, I tried to believe. And I put it out of my mind as well as I could till night came, and I got word from Higginson that it was all wrong. Tom Lippincott hadn't come, and, worse still, didn't expect to come for a week. Something had got awry in Pittsburg, and Block & Gilsey had telegraphed for him to go on at once and wait instructions.

This knocked everything, of course, and I gave up, beat. There was nothing to do but to go and tell Mr. Blacklock that I couldn't pay, and let him do his worst. I was so tired, and discouraged, and downhearted, that I didn't seem to care much for anything except Molly, at least. It was

rough on her, poor little woman! And there was her ring in my pocket still, the unlucky ring that had cost me so dear.

I went up to Mr. Blacklock's house a little before the time I had named, with a dogged feeling that I'd best get to the bottom of things as quick as possible. A servant-girl showed me into a beautiful library, with books all along the walls, and pictures, and easy-chairs, and everything warm, and bright, and elegant. Nobody was there, and I looked around me, envious and bitter enough, I can tell you.

"He needn't be so hard on a poor devil like me. I wouldn't, if I could sit down in such a nest as this," I thought. "But what does *he* care, confound him! I wish he'd hurry along and put me out of my misery one way or another."

The door was partly open, and I heard a movement on the stairs; presently the soft rustle of a lady's dress; and the next moment, very much to my surprise, a lady came in and spoke to me.

"You wish to see Mr. Blacklock," she said, "but he has gone out with a friend, and will not be in for some time. If you are the person who sent him this note to-day, I will attend to the business. I am Mrs. Blacklock."

She held out my letter to me, and I took it and looked at it all in a flutter, for this was something that I hadn't bargained for. I could stand having a man blow me up for a rogue, when there was no help for it; but how was I going to talk to this lady about my own disgrace? The first thought was to get out of it with a lie.

"I don't want you to think, ma'am," I said, "that this is any of *my* affairs. I came here at the request of a friend of mine—"

"Then I've nothing to say to you, sir," she interrupted me, very quick. "If you're not the person who wrote this letter and who brought Mr. Blacklock a check with a false signature, two weeks ago, I advise you to go back to your friend who did and tell him to speak for himself. Mr. Blacklock will not deal with any go-between."

She looked straight at me, with a flash in her eyes that said, plain as words, "You need not try to lie to me; I know the truth." And I hung my head, tongue-tied for shame, and my face like fire to the tips of my ears.

She looked at me—I could *feel* her look all over me, though I didn't raise my head—and said presently, in a gentler tone:

"If you would be honest with me, it would make the matter easier for us both. I'm quite sure that what you said just now was not the truth. You can't look in my eyes and repeat it."

"No, I can't; you're right there!" I cried out, hot and angry, and not caring now what I said. "But it's Mr. Blacklock's fault if I told you a lie. He wasn't called upon to expose me to a lady!"

"Indeed!" she answered, scornfully. "I do not see why you should expect him to spare your feelings. Perhaps you will say next it was his fault that you took the check."

"No, I sha'n't. I put that blame where it belongs—on the men that keep honest folks out of their due. If I could have got

my pay I had no need to do what I did, and I never should have done it, either. I'm not such a scamp as you think me, ma'am."

"Perhaps not," she said, coldly. "But what I think of you is of no consequence, Mr. Stebbins. You come, I believe, to return the money which you misappropriated. I am here to give you a receipt for it."

She sat down as she said this in an arm-chair that was drawn up before a library-table, and motioned me to take a seat opposite her. There was paper on the table, and an ink-stand, and she took up a pen and held it, looking at me in a waiting sort of way. I pulled out my forty dollars and tossed it down before her, not as civilly as I might have done it, I must confess. But I was reckless, for her hard way took the last spark of hope out of me.

"That's all I've got," I said, doggedly. "It's only forty dollars, and the check was seventy-five. I've done my best to get the whole of it, and if I was to be hanged for it to-morrow I couldn't raise another dollar."

She looked at me with those clear, steady eyes of hers for half a minute, and I looked straight back at her, for I was telling her nothing but the truth now.

"Of course you know," she said, presently, "that Mr. Blacklock has paid the money out of his own pocket?"

"Yes, I know it," I answered.

"And you can't expect that he will bear the loss quietly. He has given you an opportunity to save yourself, and shown you more forbearance than some others might in his place."

"Much more than *you* would, I've no doubt, ma'am. It takes a woman to be hard on a fellow-creature," I said, savagely.

Her face flushed as if I had struck her, and she gave me a look that made me feel like dirt under her feet.

"Does offering a gratuitous insult help to redeem your self-respect?" she asked, gently. "If it does I can excuse you—more readily, perhaps, than you will excuse yourself, by-and-by."

The look, and the words, and the tone, were so different from what I'd expected for answer that I was upset completely. The stubborn, reckless spirit in me broke down somehow, and a kind of light seemed to shine in. I can't put it into story-book words, you know, but I seemed to feel all at once that she understood me, and that she would help me if I had the sense to let her. Somehow or other I contrived to stammer out an apology, and to beg her to listen to me.

"If you'd only let me tell you how I happened to get that check, and to use it," I entreated her. "Mr. Blacklock wouldn't hear a word—but you'll understand, I know you will, if you'll only listen to me."

Well, she said she would, and she did. I began at the beginning, and it was such a relief to speak out plain, after all the shuffling and concealing I'd been through with, that I let my tongue run on as if it would never stop. She stood it like an angel, and I might as well say here that she looked like an angel, too—one of the sort that rejoice in heaven, you know, when a sinner repents. Her eyes shone soft and sweet when I told her about

Molly, and somehow or other I found myself taking out Molly's picture presently, and showing it to her. She looked at it and smiled—the sunshiny kind of smile that makes one's heart warm—and she said:

"It's a sweet little face—honest, and sensible, and brave. If I were the man that loved her I would have no secrets from a face like that."

"Wouldn't you?" I said. "Not even if it was such a thing as this I'm telling you?"

"Not even such a thing as this. She doesn't look like a girl that would quarrel with her lover for a fault confessed. She would love you more for trusting her, and have a stronger motive for bringing all her good influence to bear on you."

"I'll tell her this very night before I sleep," I cried out. "Mr. Blacklock can't have me arrested till Monday morning, anyhow, and I'll make a clean breast of it to Molly before then."

"It is the best thing you can do," she said. "As for Mr. Blacklock, I may as well tell you frankly that he directed me to accept no compromise in this matter; if you were not ready to pay the money, he said he should certainly have you arrested, as you say."

"I expected that," I answered, forlornly.

"But I shall take it upon myself for once," she went on, "to go contrary to his directions; or rather to act independently of them. You have but forty dollars, you say: well, I will lend you thirty-five." And she took out her purse and counted seven five-dollar bills, then pushed them toward the forty that she hadn't touched.

"Now you have the amount required for Mr. Blacklock. I will give you a receipt for it, and trust to your honor to repay what I lend you, as soon as you are able."

She began to write the receipt directly, and put it into my hands before I could even blunder out a word of thanks. She didn't do things by halves, you see, God bless her! I didn't, either. I was ready to cry before, and you can say what you please about it, but I ain't ashamed to own that I blubbered right out then; and she, though she was such a fine lady—a *real* fine lady—and I was only a poor devil of a clerk that she had just saved from State-prison, she came round to where I sat, shaking all over, and patted my big shoulder with her little white hand, as if she had been my mother.

"There, there," she said—"there, there," soft and gentle, as you'd soothe a child. Not a bit of preaching, to grind the thing into me. Just womanly kindness and sympathy, and that sort of noble confidence that would have put heart into a stone, made a man out of a Digger Injun! I don't brag on Jack Stebbins—not anything to signify—but if he could have gone back on a trust like that, he wouldn't have been worth saving from Sing Sing, or another place not polite to mention.

At any rate, he wouldn't be spinning this long yarn about himself here to-night. It's pretty nearly wound up, that's one comfort. I got home some time or other, or rather to Molly's home, where I found the old folks and the boys gone to bed long ago. But my little woman was nursing the parlor-fire still.

"For I knew you'd come, Jack; I knew it," she said; "and I know something has happened to you; I see it in your face. You might as well tell me all about it, first as last."

"That's just what I came for, Molly."

And we had it out, sitting there by the fire that she had kept red and bright for me, scamp as I was! The small hours crept upon us before the story was done, for there were a good many interruptions, you see, and more than once Molly had to have her cry out, with her head upon my shoulder. Hard as she took it, she hadn't a word of reproach for me, not one, even when I told her the meanest bit of all, the shabby history how I had tried to sell her ring, and meant to lie to her about it.

"Poor Jack!" was all she said. "My poor, dear old Jack! to think I should have brought you such trouble!"

For she would persist in thinking she was somehow or other to blame, which was the silliest thing in the world, of course. When I told her what Mrs. Blacklock said about her picture, she colored up with delight.

"Jack, I've got an idea!" she exclaimed. "It's no use asking me what it is, for I shan't tell you."

"Well, that's cool," I said, "when I'm just turning myself inside out for you, miss."

"Never mind, I'm going to do something, but I won't tell you." And she wouldn't; and I never found out what it was till days and weeks afterward. Not till such time as the Grand Mogul condescended to give us another bite of a cherry, and I was lucky enough to get a warrant for two months' salary. You can guess if any grass grew under my feet between the bank and Mr. Blacklock's house after I got that warrant cashed. I picked out (while I was waiting in the library for Mrs. Blacklock) the newest and cleanest bills—seven fives; and I think it was the happiest moment in my life, all things considered, when I put them into her hand. I don't know if I've said it before, but I say it now at any rate, she had beautiful hands. Molly's were pretty, and they are pretty still, as you can see for yourself; but Mrs. Blacklock's hands had a delicate, refined sort of beauty that you couldn't help noticing. I did, that first night, in spite of all the trouble I was in; and to-day, when she held out the little hand for me to put the money in, it seemed more delicate than ever, in contrast with the color of the one ring she wore—an amethyst-ring, so like Molly's that I gave a little start without meaning to. She saw it—such quick eyes as she had!—and in a second the ring was off her finger and she was holding it out to me.

"Take it back to your little girl," she said, laughingly. "I think she has done penance long enough for your sins; but it was not my fault, I do assure you."

"What does it mean?" I asked, a light breaking in upon me. "Is it Molly's ring?"

"Yes, certainly; didn't you know that she brought it here, the foolish child, and insisted upon my keeping it?"

No, indeed, I had never guessed that, as often as I had teased her to tell me what

was the thing she meant to do. When I asked her where her ring was, for she had not worn it since that night, she said, gravely, that it was put away in a safe place, but she could never wear it again till she knew it was really paid for.

"She brought it here," Mrs. Blacklock continued, "the very day after I had seen you, and I could not persuade her to take it away again. I told her that it was unheard of for a girl to part with her engagement-ring, but she would not listen to me. It was not hers, she said, until you had returned the money. And I sympathized with her feelings so much that I couldn't refuse to take charge of it. You may tell her that I have worn it sometimes in remembrance of a good little girl, and I am very glad to send it back to her."

Well, I had nothing to say, of course. It takes a woman to have the right word ready, and to understand what a fellow means when he can only blush, and stammer, and look like a fool. Mrs. Blacklock did.

"You must give my very kind remembrance to your little Molly," said she, as she bowed me out. "I am sure she will make you a good wife, and my advice to you is to put yourself into her safe-keeping just as soon as possible."

I thought that was such good advice that I persuaded Molly to agree to it, and the end of it was we were married next month. We didn't have any cards or nonsense, but we let Mrs. Blacklock know it was to be at such a day, round at the church where Molly was a member (and where she's kept me up to one service a Sunday pretty regular ever since), and prompt to the hour Mrs. Blacklock's carriage was at the church-door. I don't know what her husband thought of it, or whether he ever knew that she went to Jack Stebbins's wedding. Anyhow, she gave Molly her kind good wishes, and when we got home there was a box directed to "Mrs. John Stebbins, with Mrs. Blacklock's compliments," and a dozen silver spoons inside.

Since then there's been a silver cup for the baby, that came girl, you know, and was immediately christened (by permission) Helen Blacklock; also several bits of toggery for the other two youngsters, that came boys, and consequently don't signify. All of which, I suppose anybody might say, is very much like putting a premium on fraud.

I don't pretend to justify such conduct on any lady's part. I only mean to say that, whatever happens in this world, there are two women in it that will always make me believe in heaven. God bless 'em both forever! And that's the end of my story.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

BOW-SHOTS ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

ALL day long we had been going at a snail's pace on the brown, placid surface of the St. John's River, not unfrequently having to resort to the oars to help our shoulder-of-mutton sail out of a dead calm. The sky was clear, and the sun had been shining with

a power not usual even in Florida, which, connected with the fact that we had not seen a live thing since morning—a few ducks flying overhead excepted—had made the time wear slowly away; and it was with a feeling of pleasant relief that, just as the moon began to struggle with the twilight, we turned into a lazy little creek between high walls of trees, and, by a short run, found a fine camping-place on the south bank. Caesar, ever on the watch to do something clever, had stowed away in the boat's little hold a pile of pine-knots; with some of these he soon started a bright fire, by the light of which we pitched our tent, and made ready for the night. Will and I oiled and rubbed our bows, and assorted our supply of arrows for the morrow's sport, while Caesar broiled some bacon and a large trout (bass) for our supper. The moon, though but a crescent, shone brightly enough in the open places, but our tent was in a place of dense shade, and our flaring fire did fantastic work as it dashed its tricky light among the great tree-trunks and vines and pendent mosses, and shot it across the creek in long, tapering fingers that caressed, in a weird way, the tall aquatic grasses and the matted lily-pads. Just the faintest swashing sound came up from the borders of the stream, to mingle with the voice of the pines, a clump of which crowned a little swell to the southward. Overhead mighty live-oaks spread their boughs, hung here and there with long curtains of gray Spanish moss.

"How hungry one gets with a few hours' fast in the open air!" said Will, munching a cracker. "How delightfully aggravating the smell of broiling bacon! I believe this sort of life has a tendency to make an animal of a man! Why, it's just all I can do to restrain an impulse now to whinny for my food like a hungry horse!"

"And the coffee, too," said I, feeling the fascination of the subject—"and the coffee, too, sends out a most persuasive odor."

Cæsar rolled his big white eyes in our direction, and suggested that, as for him, he was literally starving for a baked 'possum. Broiled bacon was a snare and a delusion, and fish was dry food at best. We all did ample honor to the supper, however, and, after a pipe, we sought rest. Cæsar and Will took their respective places in the tent, but I swung my hammock between two trees, and, as was my custom, placed my bow and quiver alongside of me. My big hound, brought with me from Jacksonville, came and curled himself into a knot right under me, and was soon snoring away most resonantly. The breeze, which had freshened a little since dark, was strong enough now to blow away the few mosquitoes, and I soon fell into a sweet sleep, with a cluster of stars looking down at me through a rift in the dense mass of vines and foliage above. Indeed, so calm and refreshing was my slumber that it seemed I had scarcely dozed when I was startled by a terrible rush made by the dog, the noise of which was mingled with the falling of the tent, and some profound anathemas by Will and Cæsar as they struggled out from under the collapsed canvas.

I snatched my bow and quiver and leaped

to the ground just as the hound began to whine most piteously in a bay-thicket a few yards off. An animal of some sort was punishing him severely, and the peculiar cry of a catamount at bay left no doubt as to what it was. The tent had been hastily and insecurely pitched, and the dog, in making his rush at the cat, had brought it down about the ears of my companions. Snuffing a smell of fun in the air, I sprang into my rubber boots, buckled on my quiver and pistol, strung my bow, and, in much less time than it takes to write it, was plashing through the water in the direction of the dog, which was now baying loudly, evidently keeping at a respectful distance from his enemy. When I had almost reached the spot they made another break, and away they went, the dog mounthing broadly at every jump, making the sober old woods ring with the stirring music.

I tore after them through the slush and brush, cheering them lustily. Will and Caesar followed, as I could tell by their loud shouts. A run of a half-mile brought me up with the hound. I found him barking and snapping savagely in the centre of a circular tuft of water-bushes, on the top of a clump of which I saw the catamount in a crouching attitude, its eyes flaming, its hair erect, and its claws spread, the very picture of fury. I was within forty feet of it before I was aware of the fact. I recoiled before the glare of its fierce eyes. The animal really looked twice its natural size. My nerve came to me in a moment, however, and I hastily made ready for a shot. Fixing a broad-headed arrow to the string, I centred my gaze full in the face of the cat, and drew steadily till I felt the barb touch my left knuckles. This told me I had put on a weight equal to eighty pounds, and then I let go. No doubt I was a little excited, but I did not make a bad shot. The arrow struck the animal's ear, and, cutting across the back of its neck, passed through the point of its shoulder. You have seen a flying-squirrel spread itself out as thin as a bit of buckskin, and sail slowly off from the top of a tree. Well, like a huge flying-squirrel, wounded, infuriated, terrible, that catamount transformed itself into a monster bat, and sailed right out into the air toward me. I shall never forget the appearance of the thing's eyes, as it shot level along the tops of those scrubby little trees, somewhat lower than my head. Of course it fell short of me, but, for the second or two that it remained in the air, I was sure it would strike me full in the face. As it crashed down through the brush I took to my heels, and fled ignobly until I gained an open space. The dog followed me, with the huge cat charging at his heels. I let go another shaft, but in my haste made a clear miss. The hound, emboldened by my stand, turned now, and began snapping at his pursuer. At this moment Will reached the ground, and lodged an arrow in the cat's flank, while it was so close to me that I shot it twice with my pistol, being unable to use my bow. The dog gave it a yank or two, and Will got another arrow in about the middle of its long body. This weakened it somewhat, and gave me a chance to make a centre-drop with a round point right through its shoulder. Caesar

rushed in at this juncture, and closed the tragedy by a few tremendous blows with a long pine-knot. Although the catamount was an enormous one, I am surprised whenever I think of the sturdy fight he made.

After a few moments given to discussing the incidents of the battle, Caesar proceeded to get up a light and skin our victim, while a big owl hooted a doleful requiem in a dense jungle of cypress and rubber hard by. When we returned to camp we were too much stirred up for sleep, so we had an early breakfast, and by the first glimmer of daylight we went aboard, heading our boat up the creek. By ten o'clock we had reached a little lake covering some hundreds of acres, rimmed round with live-oaks here and cypress there, and dotted with lettuce-islands and stretches of lily-pads. We saw a large number of great, snowy herons flapping about in the distance, a few great blue herons, and many of the lesser fry of the same interesting family. I had never killed a snowy heron, nor had Will, and this little expedition had been fitted up for the purpose of bagging some. We had boasted to a friend or two that we would never return till we came well loaded with plumes.

Few persons not sportsmen or naturalists can fully understand the peculiar difficulty of our self-imposed task. Even an excellent woodsman (and a trained sportsman though he be, and armed with the best fire-arms) can rarely, by any cunning, get within long range of these beautiful birds. How much more difficult, then, for us, armed with the long since discarded weapons of antiquity, to approach the wary game! But the apparent improbability of our succeeding made the undertaking the more attractive, for we loved our weapons, and had all confidence in our craft and marksmanship.

We had brought two small sectional skiffs with us, just large enough to bear one man. In these we proposed to offer battle to the snowy herons. We found a delightful camping-spot near the southeastern shore of the lake. Here we pitched our tent, and also constructed a large shed or open lodge, which we thatched with palmetto-leaves. Over this camp we left Caesar to rule supreme, and, having made everything ready, we put out, early on the second morning, each in his skiff, with a day's rations, and a full case of light-barbed arrows and a dozen or so of heavy broad-heads. We took different courses. Mine lay to the northwest of our camp up an arm of the lake, which here received a sluggish runlet, across the mouth of which, in very shoal water, a huge mass of lettuce had drifted. On either hand some tall old cypress-trees stood with their knees just above water, and a little farther west a stretch of giant aquatic weeds ran in a narrow line parallel with the shore, leaving just enough channel to receive my skiff. In this place I anchored, finding the water only four feet deep in the middle. I had quietly settled my theory for shooting heron, and was now about to test it by a practical experiment. On the day before, I had noticed that two fine snowy fellows made it convenient to alight on a certain bare, dead tree about sixty yards distant from where I had thus sta-

tioned myself. This they had done so often and regularly that I suspected they had established the tree as their resting-place and point of lookout midway of their flight from one extremity of the lake to another. I hoped, thus shielded by the line of tall grass and weeds, to get a shot or two. I lay down in my skiff, my head resting on a roll of moss, and, having lit my pipe, contentedly waited and watched. A pleasant breeze was sweeping the lake, making a soft rustle in the weeds, while over in the woods a little way a cardinal-bird, so seldom seen in Florida, was singing his shrill, cheery song. So sweet it was to rest there, with the wind pouring over me and the water washing under, that I cared little whether a snowy heron ever flew my way or not. I was absorbing health and dreamful bliss through every pore of my body, and the blue wreaths from my pipe, as they floated upward and away, ring fading after ring, were enough to engage my whole attention.

But presently a small alligator thrust his ugly nose out of the water hard by, and a big moccasin-snake glided along the slimy edge of the weeds. Then a snake-bird, a foul, funny biped, dropped into the shoal, coffee-like liquid of a miniature lagoon, twisting himself into a thousand ludicrous contortions, till he looked like nothing but a neck tied in a double bow-knot. Once I saw, dimly, far across what seemed leagues of sheeny water, a young deer, scarcely small enough to be called a fawn, slip like a shadow across an opening and disappear, the merest hint of what the forests might hold. Now and then a swell from the lake, which the breeze had shaken up, came round into my retreat and rocked me gently, as if the happy water with its finger-tips was barely able to reach me. Sparrow-hawks wheeled about overhead, giving out their peculiar cry, and a little green-winged warbler lit on the feathery tip of a grass-leaf, balancing himself adroitly, and rocking to and fro with his quizzical eye turned down at me, twittering all the time a monotonous round of three or four notes. Somewhere, far in a dark recess, of course, a big owl, with a voice that reveled in the lowest possible register, was doing a solo that ended in a wild, maniacal laugh.

I lay there for perhaps two hours, reveling in the quietest way in the quietest of all contentment, and was aroused at last by a snowy heron flying so low and so near me that I fancied I felt the air wafted from his broad-spreading wings, the satin-like sound of which filled my ears with music. I could have killed him on the wing if I had been ready. But there lay my bow unstrung, and there I lay stretched out in my boat. I got myself rapidly and noiselessly into position, and strung my bow. As I had hoped, the bird rose as he neared one of the dead trees, and alighted on a high, broken branch, making it quiver with his weight. I had a fair view of him through a notch-like rift in the wall of grass and weeds, and, actually trembling with excitement, I drew to the head and let fly. What a wild shot! The arrow sang through the air high above him, missing him fully ten feet! Contrary to my fears, he

did not take to wing, but simply turned his head to one side and glanced at the arrow as it passed. He did not dream of my proximity. Again I let go, this time cutting the air close to his beautiful neck. He jerked his head, but did not move a wing.

What a glorious weapon the long-bow is! I must say it, and say it often and urge it strenuously, this is the most delightful of the sporting-implements. There I was within sixty or eighty yards of a great snowy heron, with two shots at it, and still it sat there! What if I had been armed with a rifle? The first shot would have frightened the game into a spasm of flight! But there he sat, all unconscious of me, till I shot twice, thrice, four, five times, the arrows whisking past, tipping the outmost down of his feathers and rounding over to drop with a sharp cluck into the lake beyond. My arm had got steady now, and I drew my sixth arrow with great confidence, my eyes fixed on the butt of the great bird's right wing. It was a shot to delight the gods. The dull recoil-sound of my bow was followed by a quick whisper, and then a dead, solid blow, a "chuck" once heard never forgotten. The feathers puffed out and sailed slowly away in a widening ring. The big wings opened wide and quivered a moment, then the grand old fellow toppled over and came straight down with a loud plash into the water. I yelled like a savage, I couldn't help it; it stirred me to the core.

I hastily weighed my little anchor, but none too soon, for I saw two alligators, with their rusty noses out of water, striking out for my bird. If ever a man made a skiff fly I did that one. The very thought of losing my prize infuriated me. I reached it first, and the alligators began swimming round in circle. I gave one of them a bodkin-point in the throat, causing him to turn some wonderful summersaults and to beat the water into a stiff foam. I lifted my snowy heron into the skiff. It was a magnificent bird, full-plumed and in perfect health. It was now noon, and, feeling hungry, I rowed to a palmetto-point a quarter of a mile east, and went ashore to broil a slice of bacon. I had just started a little fire of palm-leaf stems when Will joined me, having seen me land. He had killed a young swamp-rabbit, which we dressed and roasted, finding it a most toothsome bit. My bird was too much for Will. He stripped a side from one of the wing-feathers and bound it to an arrow in token of a vow not to leave the lake till he, too, had bagged a snowy heron. I frankly told him that, if he stuck to his vow, I thought he would live to be about eighty and die on the lake without accomplishing his very sportsman-like desire.

After a rest of two hours, we again separated, each choosing his way and going off full of dreams of the snowy heron. But I got into a raft of duck, and came near shooting away a whole case of arrows at them with miserable luck, only killing five. I returned to camp before sundown, finding Caesar highly delighted. He had seen a flock of wild-turkeys. I set him to work immediately skinning my bird, a thing he could do to perfection.

Will came in after dark with a rail and two or three beautiful wood-ducks, but no heron. He was gone next morning before I was awake. As for me, when I was awake, I did not get up, or rather *down*, but lay there swinging in the breeze, caring for nothing but comfort. I made Caesar bring me a cup of coffee and my pipe. I hung over the side of my hammock and sipped the rich brown beverage till its cheering effect tingled in every nerve from lip to toe; then I let fall the cup and took the pipe to smoke off the influence of the coffee. I dropped to sleep again with the amber between my lips. Some time later I was startled by Caesar, who began a loud shouting all of a sudden.

"Oh, lookee! lookee! He's after 'em, he'll git 'em, shuah! Lookee! lookee! golly! ki! Lookee, mars, he's after 'em! J'ruselen! but don't he pull dat boat for de Lor' sake! Dat's jis as good as his bird right now! Lookee! lookee!"

The excited negro was prancing around like one possessed, pointing out on the lake, and it needed but a glance to see what he meant, for there, midway in the rippling sheet of water, was Will in full chase of a snowy heron, which was evidently very sorely wounded. I had only to lie there and watch the sport. The bird, which, as I afterward learned, had been stricken through the wing between the bones without breaking either, held out bravely, flapping along on the water at a good round rate of speed. Will would row awhile, then drop the oars and shoot. Finally, he bowled it over and dragged it into his skiff. As I expected, he yelled like a steam-whistle as soon as he handled his bird. I took another cup of coffee, and was sound asleep again when he came in. His prize was not so large as mine, but its plumage was even finer.

In the afternoon, having "caught up" my lost sleep, I pulled out again, and had some rare luck; for, although I did not even see a white heron, I killed a blue one of enormous size, and made a charming shot, knocking over a black woodpecker from my skiff high up in a pine-tree on shore.

I believe I am not the first observer to remark the singular fact that all wild birds at times suddenly, and it might be said mysteriously, congregate in a particular spot irrespective of species or order. In a Western forest, for example, one may, at one hour of the day, range up and down without seeing a feather or hearing a note. The trees are deserted, the underbrush is abandoned. A few minutes or hours later the same region will be alive with an almost countless variety of birds, small and large. Standing on one spot, the observer may count a half-dozen different kinds of woodpecker; the blue-jays will scream, the nuthatches and thrushes and wrens, the fly-catchers, the warblers, and the finches, cardinal-birds and blue-birds, robins and chewinks, and on through the catalogue, will all be visible and audible, appearing so suddenly that one half decides that all of them have, on one impulse, sprung from hiding-places there on the spot.

So it happened late that afternoon, as I slowly pushed my skiff through the sinuous ways of the lily-pads and stiff water-weeds

—all at once there came a storm of birds. First a flock of ducks, then a line of cranes, a small flock of geese next, and then I could not count what I saw. Herons labored this way and that; scaup-ducks whistled through the air; the little buffle-heads went by like gayly-feathered darts; gannets and curlews displayed their long wings and contrasting colors as they sped past, while all about, in every direction, the little rails, and still smaller aquatic birds, flitted among the rushes, or stood as if on tiptoe atop of the bonnets. Wood-ducks, those gorgeous beauties, swam in their dainty but stately way across the dimly-shaded avenues below the pendent air-plants; and now and then a bright, trim teal would cut the water like a sword from one clump of brush to another. The bass, too, as if catching the prevailing spirit of the hour, leaped up among the pads, making the small fry spin in every direction. Narrow-winged hawks shot hither and thither, turning their heavy heads from side to side; and little flocks of snipe whirled down into a small prairie to the southward. Right in the midst of this confusion of game I met Will in his skiff, emerging from one of those dim little lanes of water that everywhere set into the forests from the lake. He had killed a small turkey-hen, but had had a lively run for it after clipping it through the very centre of its lungs. He was mud from head to foot.

One would think that we ought to have had some extraordinary sport during the hour of daylight that now remained for us; but, though our part of the lake was thus teeming with game, the birds were so watchful, so cautious and shy, that all kept cleverly beyond bow-shot. We wasted many arrows on promising wing-shots, but it may as well be understood that hitting a flying bird with an arrow is more like accident than admirable skill. To be sure, a goose or a crane at thirty yards is not difficult to bring to a stop, but it is only by the rarest chance that one gets such an opportunity. Occasionally, when we started a raft of duck from some weed-circled pool, an arrow slung at random through the thickest of the flock would send back to our ears the short, sudden sound of a hit, and the victim, strung midway of the shaft, would come whirling down, to beat the water a moment with his wings and die. Much oftener, however, our missiles would, by some inexplicable manoeuvre, find their way through the dense mass of the flock without so much as tipping a feather. Once a half-dozen gannet came round a point of woods, flying very low, and were right upon us before they saw us or we them. They turned suddenly, with a loud sound of wings, but Will, who had a shaft ready, let fly, hitting one a dead blow "amid-breast," bringing him to a short stop and settling him beautifully. This ended our luck; we shot and shot, but hit nothing, and finally, weary and arm-sore, pulled back to camp, on arriving at which we found Caesar the most woe-begone and disconsolate negro in the world. Somehow he had let our tent get on fire and burn up, together with our box of crackers. Fortunately, however, he had saved our bird-skins and

our chemicals. Poor fellow! his eyes were wonderfully enlarged, and he had severely burned one of his hands; but when he saw that I was not offended, he brightened up and set us a good supper, barring the lack of bread.

We lingered at the lake for two weeks longer, after having sent *Cæsar* to a landing on the St. John's, where from a passing steamer he succeeded in getting a keg of hard-tack.

One day, devoted by Will to feathering a lot of shafts, I got out my fishing-tackle and went forth to try the bass, or trout, as the Southerners call them. Of course I took my bow and a case of arrows along, but my object was to test some flies of my own make. Directly across the lake from our camp, at the mouth of a little run, was a place that seemed to me just the feeding-ground for the trout, and a most delightful spot in which to dream away a half-day with rod and line. I was not prepared at all for the result of my excursion. Never have I seen such voracious, such utterly rapacious fish. I spun out my fly, dropping it between the lily-pads; and I think it had only half touched the water when a trout (black bass) took it like a steel-trap, and, hanging himself thoroughly, showed fight from the start. He fouled my line at once, and then began a series of gymnastic feats, in the water and out of it, that made a great circle of bubbles and foam on the rippling surface. I finally had to shoot him, and lost a full half-hour disengaging my line.

I now saw that I must give my game no line, and forthwith I began to haul it in on a short pull, till nineteen, averaging three pounds each, lay in the bottom of my skiff. These were as many as we could use at camp, so I desisted; but I am sure I could have taken many more. If the water had been free of bonnets, and brush, and roots, and lettuce, and what not of obstructions, the sport would have been delightful.

On my way back to camp I made a shot that a rifleman might equal, but never excel. Seeing a male wood-duck of magnificent plumage swim across a little opening and dart under some great drooping aquatic leaves, I circled round the spot till I saw his bright head shining through a small circular rift not larger than the palm of one's hand. I was standing in my skiff, pushing it through the shoal water by poling with an oar, and I had to put down the latter and string my bow. Doing this, I lost sight of the rift. No one but a sportsman knows the difficulty in discovering such a mark once lost. I looked with "all my eyes," to no effect. There were the pads and the lush (no word like "lush") grass-leaves and the overhanging water-bushes, but the rift was gone. It must have been fully fifteen minutes' time I spent puzzling over this mysterious disappearance; then for a moment a hawk darting by called my eyes away, and, on looking again, lo! there was the rift, and there was my wood-duck's head as plain as could be. How could I have overlooked it even for a moment? So intent was I on making the shot I did not notice that I had selected a broad-headed arrow. Balancing myself in the skiff, I drew the full twenty-eight inches, and let go. No

knife could have cut that duck's head in two at the eyes more nicely than did that arrow. The distance was about sixty feet.

Broiled trout for supper and a song from *Cæsar*, then Will and I discussed the merits of a plan for a night-visit to a little prairie about a mile distant, in the marshy places of which we had seen numberless tracks of deer. The moon was now a little past the full, and just struggling up in the east. It would be almost as light as day. By the time I had finished my pipe we had determined to go. Quivers were buckled on, and filled with select arrows, rubber boots donned, and the march commenced. I lashed the hound to my belt, contrary to Will's judgment, and made him follow at my heels. I calculated that we would need him, and I calculated correctly. True, he was rather unmanageable at first, bent on flying off at a tangent whenever we crossed the trail of a wild thing, but, by dint of coaxing, scolding, and at last a sound beating, I subdued him.

The prairie reached, I took my stand in the dusky shadow of a clump of palms, near what seemed a favorable run, while Will beat stealthily round the edge of the opening, which was about twenty acres in extent, and fringed for the most of its perimeter with dense jungle. Making the hound crouch at my feet, I leaned on my bow, and, while waiting developments, gave myself up to the enjoyment of the scene.

The landscape was one of singular weirdness, every feature strangely affected by the oblique rays of the moon. In some places on the farther wall of woods the long moss looked like festoons of pale gold, while at others it was dusky almost to blackness, swinging across dim openings like the deadly snares of some night-monster. Nearer, and in the strong light, graceful vines and air-plants in full flower let fall their airy sprays set in the rugged framing of gnarled branches and twisted trunks. The silence was utter. Not even an owl was heard. The grassy stretch of the little prairie, dotted here and there with palms, singly or in clusters, standing out singularly sharp, made one think of pictures of the far East, that old land of palms and ruins. Now and then, as I would get a glimpse of Will gliding noiselessly along the border, his bow in his left hand, an arrow in his right, and his quiver at his side, the picture became a perfect antique underscored with snatches from the old poets.

Suddenly breaking through the stillness and silence, from a dark angle of the border, the peculiar muffled sound of a bow's recoil, and distinctly the thin hiss of a flying arrow, ending with a deadly thud. I raised my bow and listened. The hound gave out a sharp whine, and was eager to be off. I kicked him down, and then I plainly heard the noise of bounding feet—Will pursuing something. The next moment I saw a deer coming at a slashing run right upon me. In a second I loosed the dog, and he parted from me like a bolt, meeting the deer abreast, and dragging it to the ground within ten steps of me; but it shook him off, and gained the jungle before I could fix an arrow. The

hound followed. A yell from Will attracted my attention, and, looking out on the prairie, I saw him racing after another deer, in whose head I could distinctly see an arrow. The animal, blinded and crazy from an oblique shot in the eye, was rearing and plunging this way and that, while Will was evidently trying to get hold of it.

"Run here! Oh, run here quick! I've lost my quiver—quick, quick!" he shouted, slashing round after the game with the energy of desperation.

I gave a few shrill blasts on my whistle for the dog, and then ran out to join in the chase. As soon as I was near enough I drove an arrow into the animal's body, but this seemed rather to bring it to life than otherwise, for now it suddenly sped off on a right line. The dog came up just in time and overtook it, dragging it down at the edge of the jungle, and holding it till I had put an arrow through its heart. Will was exhausted. The deer—two of them—had stepped into the edge of the prairie within twenty feet of him. He shot hurriedly, and hit one in the head, knocking it clear over. Running up to it he took hold of its foreleg to turn it upon its back, thinking to cut its throat, when it began to struggle, and in some way broke his quiver-belt, so that his arrows fell to the ground. Then it dragged him some distance, and finally freed itself. He followed it, bow in hand, for some time, not knowing of the loss of his quiver. This discovered, he could not go back to hunt it, so he followed the deer on, hoping to get hold of it again. He had to acknowledge that my hound was not so bad, after all. We found his quiver after a short search; then, tying the deer's feet together, and swinging it on a pole, we lugged it into camp.

As we trudged along with our game hanging between us all bristling with arrows, I fancied we looked like a couple of foresters in the merry days of Richard Cœur de Lion—say Friar Tuck and Robin Hood—making preparations for a feast.

When the time came for us to bid farewell to our little lake, Will and *Cæsar* volunteered to pole the boat down the stream by which we had entered, allowing me to follow at leisure in my skiff. It was early morning; and, feeling that some vigorous exercise would not hurt me, I pulled round the circle of the lake's shore, snatching some farewell shots, and completing some sketches of water-plants, in which I had been greatly interested. While pulling my way through a sort of elbow thicket, I discovered a very singular-looking bird skulking about under some long, arching blades of water-grass. It had much the appearance of a wood-duck, but out of the centre of its back, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, a strange appendage, tipped with a tuft of bright-scarlet feathers, protruded in a stiff, unnatural way. The motion of the bird was awkward in the extreme, and it seemed that it was with the utmost effort that it moved at all. I bowled it over at the second shot, and, on securing it, found that it was nothing but a wood-duck, after all, with one of Will's light-barbed arrows worn in its back for ornament. The shaft had been in the wound several days.

It is one of the peculiarities of your true archer that he shoots at anything in the shape of bird or wild animal that presents itself. With him "all fish is game" in the broadest sense. Having a bunch of light deal arrows with me, I began practising on the red-winged black-birds that now and then perched within easy shot on the "bonnets" of the lilies, and so utterly oblivious of everything but this sport did I become, that it was like being startled from a dream when a great blue heron sprang heavily into the air from a little tussock in the midst of a clump of water-growing shrubs, not more than twenty-five feet from me. My arm was in good training, however, and instinctively I let fly at him just as he made a half-turn, and poised himself for a vigorous sweep. The light arrow struck him somewhere about the thigh, and remained stiffly sticking in the wound. The huge bird whirled over and over a few times, and then mounted perpendicularly through the air. Up, up he went. I launched two or three unsuccessful shafts after him, but he heeded them not. Right up he struggled, by a narrow spiral course, till he began to rapidly diminish in apparent size, and finally, after flickering indistinctly on the sky for a time, he utterly vanished. But this was not all. Several minutes afterward the headless shaft of the arrow came whirling down, and fell near me. It had been broken off close up to the brazing, and was quite bloody. Where did that stricken, powerful bird go to? Did he continue to mount till, suddenly exhausted, he fell with outstretched wings through a long incline into the merciful bosom of some wild everglade? Or did he go up until his piercing eye discovered that paradise of birds where no archer ever lies in wait? No matter, I lost a beautiful tuft of plumes by his energy and pluck.

I lingered on the lake long after the happy minstrel-song of Cæsar had ceased its echoing, or, if heard at all, so indistinctly in the distance that it might have been mistaken for wind-tones in the vine-clad live-oaks. I was loath to leave the spot. It was an archer's paradise. It might have been a gunner's paradise, too, if fowling-pieces could have been used without noise, but one day's sport with a double-barrel on that little lake would have frightened everything away excepting, perhaps, the snake-birds and the alligators. Fifty bowmen, even if they could kill as much game as that many sportsmen with shot-guns, would not, in two weeks' time, drive off and render unapproachable the feathered tribes of a choice hunting-spot, which would be completely cleaned by one man with a blunderbuss in a single day. The sound of a gun is a terror to all wild things, especially fowl. I am ready to admit that, during our somewhat protracted sojourn on the lake, we did not take with our weapons half so much game as either of us could alone have taken with a good gun, but we took enough, and the sport was far better than can be had any other way—unless the mere destruction of game is sport.

Many days passed during which we did not bend our bows at all, but lay in our skiffs and watched the habits of birds and reptiles, or filled our books with sketches of curious

plants, trees, birds, insects, and whatever seemed worth a study. We were troubled very little with mosquitoes, and there were but few over-warm days, while the nights were cool and refreshing, with just breeze enough to rock one to sleep in his hammock.

The one great drawback to all our wanderings on the St. John's and its tributaries was our boat. It was too large for our purpose, and otherwise badly constructed. For days at a time we had to row, and pole, and do everything that is hard, but, after all, whenever we reached a choice spot, which was generally by turning into some tributary, we were doubly repaid for all our toil. So stealthily would we creep into those charming haunts of the feathered tribes, and so noiselessly and systematically did we prosecute our hunting, that all the wild things seemed to recognize us, if at all, as some other wild things, bent, as were they, on procuring food simply. Cæsar presided over our *cuisine* with marked ability, and in his way enjoyed the life to the full. His skill as a bird-skinner I have never seen equaled, and in this alone he more than saved us his wages and fare. If the reader will allow me for a moment to come squarely down to sordid considerations, I will just here add that our cruise, so far from being an expensive one, resulted in a net gain of about ten dollars. This was somewhat owing to the accidental exhibition at a Jacksonville hotel of a pair of heron-skins, resulting in their sale to a New York man at an enormous price. He was bent on having them, and offered a sum that I was ashamed to take, it was so large, but Will, in a very business-like way, closed the trade, and pocketed the money.

How dreary a thing it is to come back to the humdrum and vexation of business-life after four months of freedom, and all the charms of wild camp-life in such a region as Florida! For a time one is restless, and champs the bit of restraint, but all is for the best, and eight months will soon run by. They have run by again and again, and Will and I have drawn the bow on spots in Florida where never a white man fired a gun. Our steel arrow-heads will be found imbedded in the trees of those strange forests a hundred years from now. But to what good? you ask. What good? It is a foolish question. Some men delight in Wall Street. What good? Some men travel in foreign lands. What good? Some delve at the desk, or rant at the forum, or dicker at the counter, year in and year out. What good? It is all good.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XII.

SYMPATHETIC INK.

THE days at Riverside went on as of old: there were croquet-parties, riding-parties, water-parties, during the daytime; and in the evening there were dinner-parties, dan-

cing-parties, and charades. The house was neither gayer nor less gay than it was wont to be, and in all these entertainments John Dalton bore his part—which was always the chief part. He possessed the reputation of being the "life and soul" of every social gathering, and he had to sustain it; just as a great nobleman must "keep up" his vast estate, although he is in reality as poor as his meanest tenant. It was not so difficult a task as many would imagine. The high spirits which had hitherto carried him so bravely and buoyantly on the very top of the wave, it is true, had vanished; but the light manner and the sparkling wit remained; they had become as natural to him as pomposity or melancholy to another; and it needed a keen observer to note that paste had taken the place of the diamond. It was only remarked of him that he was growing cynical, a condition at which most men of wit and pleasure arrive long before his time of life.

Jenny indeed had gravely asked: "Mamma, what is the matter with dear papa?" And when her mother had answered: "Nothing, darling," she came to the conclusion there was something very bad indeed. But Jenny, as we have heard her observe, was a looker-on at the game of life, and saw more of it than the players.

On the third day, the answers to John Dalton's applications to his friends began to arrive, each of them a page of human nature, complete and characteristic in itself, yet differing from all the rest only in degree. He was a man too popular with the crowd—for the "crowd" is a term that suits with the highest fashion and the most cultured minds as fitly as with the lowest and the most ignorant—to have secured the best sort of friends: he had "dulled his palm" too much with welcoming mere comrades to have grappled to himself true men with hooks of steel; that kind, perhaps, did not exist in the society among which he had moved, and where *camaraderie* rather than friendship was cultivated; but such hearts as there had been to win he had really won. He did not receive one letter such as satirists have described as the reply of a rich man to a ruined one. No man absolutely turned his back upon him, or offered him a five-pound note in compromise and farewell.

His knowledge of the world had doubtless prevented him from applying to the intrinsically base. Yet these letters were very various; there were some that brought the blood into his cheek for very shame, and some the tears into his eyes, with their outspoken tenderness and generosity. There were apprehensive letters—or what, perhaps, his soreness only took for such; letters in which he thought he read a fear lest the writer should be called upon to put his hand into his pocket; and there were letters in which such offers as the following were to be found, couched in more or less delicate phrase: "As to money, my dear fellow, though you do not mention it, and I am afraid would be backward in doing so, pray, remember, if you should want a banker to apply to me."

Three letters in which that suggestion

was made came from very wealthy men, who had never in their lives known what it was to want a shilling, or a thousand pounds. If they had made their money, their readiness to appreciate the want of it in another would have been less surprising. As it was, their generosity overwhelmed him; while it pricked his pride only a very little, for he had not the smallest intention of taking advantage of their offers. These last two classes were, of course, at the opposite ends of the scale of his correspondents. Between them came a number of replies representing less marked varieties of character. What was most displeasing to him were the conventional condolences which were expressed, and especially the confident expectations the writers affected to entertain that all things would be well with him by-and-by. "A man with ready wit like yours," some said, "cannot long be without some profitable employment;" and one even wrote that "he could hardly help congratulating a man of such abilities that he would be now compelled, though the compulsion for the moment might seem irksome" ("Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Dalton, in a fury), "to apply them to the benefit of the state; for, as to his getting some high post under government, there could not be the smallest doubt."

As to this last, almost all his friends were agreed in the same view; they had not "the smallest doubt" that he would get something—"and at once," added the more sanguine—"which would relieve him from his anxieties, and perhaps place him in a more agreeable groove of existence than he had hitherto occupied." Only a few honest friends allowed that he was "in a hole," and hoped, evidently against hope, that he would be soon out of it. He noticed, with a bitter smile, that these last persons had themselves been place-hunters in their time, and understood the difficulties of the pursuit.

For the rest, the answer to the main question which he had addressed to each was in every case the same, and identical with that given to all beggars: "I am very sorry, my good man, but I have nothing for you."

Dalton felt that they had spoken the truth; but the truth was only less bitter than if they had replied: "We have something, but we will not give it to you." Such would in effect be the answer of Sir William Skipton, he knew, no matter in what terms it was conveyed, and he was not going to put himself in the way of such a rebuff. He had already exhausted every channel to which he might reasonably look for aid, and it was idle indeed to make application in less likely quarters.

A day or two more passed by, and the last of the replies had reached him. They all told the same tale. There was nothing for him but to wait and *not* hope: there was no ground, in truth, to build ever so small a hope upon. He had laid all the letters before his wife, and she had perused them with infinite care; not glancing through them with a sort of scornful impatience, as he had done, and then throwing them aside, but well weighing every word, and from some extracting here and there a grain of comfort.

But her great consolation and hope lay elsewhere altogether.

"John, dear, God will never forsake us; however we may have deserved his wrath, he will never leave our innocent children to starve."

"You have deserved nothing but good of him," cried Dalton, passionately. "That is what makes it so bitter to me."

"O John, how can you talk so!" pleaded she, earnestly. "We have little—at least I am sure that I have fallen very, very far short of my duty, and many times; and even if it had not been so, if I had been what your blind love supposes, does not St. Paul himself call himself the chief of sinners?"

"Yes; but he did not believe it; or, if he did, he had his reasons: *you* never went about persecuting people, for example, to persuade them to be Pharisees."

"O John, John! I beseech you, whatever happens, do not give up your faith. It is certain we are all sinners."

"I am quite willing to own as much in my own case," answered her husband. "I don't say I have not deserved even such a blow as this; but as for you and the children—you will not tell me, I suppose, that Jenny, whom nothing but a miracle could have healed from the first, and who will now perish from sheer lack of means to save her, has deserved it?—There, darling; I am sorry: don't give way like that. I was wrong, very wrong, to talk so, but I feel at times so desperate. It is over now. You shall never hear me question the decrees of Fate again."

He kept his word to her from that hour; but in his heart he did still question them, and resented them; for bright, and even brilliant, though it was, John Dalton had a very undisciplined mind. Moreover, he had been all his life a favorite of Fortune, and now that she had turned her back upon him, he was as furious as a lover who has just been jilted. The world was not only out of joint with him, because this *Lara* mine had turned out an ill success, but both worlds. The whole system of the universe seemed to him either to be thrown out of gear, or to be wrong *ab ovo*: a state of mind which will appear not only intensely wicked, but absurdly unreasonable—to all persons who have not experienced a like misfortune. In sober fact, the three thousand pounds or so which still remained to him, and which some would no doubt regard as a small fortune, seemed to one of his habits a mere stop-gag—a halting-place upon the road to ruin; and, in his place, it would probably have so appeared to most of us. He felt himself "going under"—not, indeed, at one plunge, but quite as surely as though it had been so, and that he was dragging with him those he loved into the depths of poverty—a condition which they were utterly unfitted to endure. Escape for himself there was none; he no longer looked or wished for any such; but how to rescue his wife and children was a problem that was never absent from his mind. And at last a plan occurred to him. He had had it, fitfully, in his mind before, but had always discarded it for a certain reason; but now it was suggested to him anew by his host, of course

unwittingly, since he had not been let into the secret of his misfortune.

Mr. Campden was a man who, though not exactly what is called "self-made," had risen from comparatively small beginnings; his father had had a moderately good business, which enabled him to send his son to college, where he had first become acquainted with Dalton; and this business—it was type-founding—the younger Campden had greatly extended. But the mass of his fortune had arisen from the eligible investment of his savings. It was a maxim of his never to sell what he had once bought; he held on to it through good report and evil report, and in almost all cases—even when the stock was depreciated—had found his account in doing so. He contended that in this consisted the great advantage which a rich man possesses over a poor one in the matter of speculation—that he can afford to hold on.

He had shares in every description of property: in banks, in railways, and in ships; and, taking them all round, his investments had been very fortunate. He was the last man to boast of his wealth—*purse-pride* was a sentiment utterly beneath and foreign to his wholesome nature; but he did plume himself a little upon those transactions which had done credit to his judgment.

Some ten days after the misfortune that had befallen his guest, a certain dividend came to him by the morning post which afforded him unusual satisfaction.

He threw it across the table with a chuckle, and bade Dalton look at it. How little he knew that he was behaving like the cruel schoolboy to his hungry class-fellow: "Do you like cake? Then see me eat it." He would rather have cut his hand off, or at all events a finger, than have insulted the ruined man with the display of his good-fortune.

Dalton ran his eye over the sum-total, which was in four figures.

"You must have a heap of money in the concern," said he, carelessly, "to produce such a dividend as this?"

"Not at all," replied the other, gleefully; "but it has never paid less than ten per cent. since the board took my advice in a certain matter. It's the Palm Branch Insurance Society."

"Indeed," replied Dalton, as coldly as before; but he felt the color rush to his cheeks, and then ebb again. The Palm Branch was the company in which his own life was insured for five thousand pounds. "And how was it you raised the dividend?"

"Well, it was the simplest thing in the world. I had long noticed that the insurance companies that were most popular with the public are those which cover every description of loss, and which do not haggle about exceptional risks. A man doesn't want to go to the Cannibal Islands—and as a matter of fact doesn't go—but he also does not like to be told that he may not do so if he chooses. Well, I, as their chairman, persuaded my brother-directors to sweep all these restrictions away, and the results have been surprisingly satisfactory. Our applications for policies have almost doubled, and yet we are not a penny the worse. A man may even join the Palm Branch and cut his

throat the next morning if he pleases, and yet his widow will get her money."

"And nobody has ever done it?"

It seemed to Dalton, as he put this question, that every one was looking at him, though for his part he looked at none, but, toying with his teaspoon, stared at the bottom of his cup. His wife, he felt certain, had her eye upon him, and Holt also.

"Of course, nobody has done it," returned his host, contemptuously; "and it is ten thousand to one that nobody ever will. If he does, so much the better for us. We should pay his policy in a month by the increase of our clients. 'The Palm Branch for our money,' they will say, 'for it makes no objections to anything.' Other companies are already copying us so far as to allow their people to put an end to themselves after six months; but that is a half-measure which will do neither good nor harm. It is the most satisfactory suggestion in the way of business that ever I made."

"I think it a very horrid one," remarked Mrs. Campden, sententiously.

"Then you mustn't drive your new pair of ponies any more, my dear," was her husband's quiet reply, "for the price of them came out of it."

"Well, I suppose it is not so bad as it looks," returned the hostess, in a more mitigated tone; "but, on the first blush of it, it appears almost like a premium upon suicide."

"No, my dear; the suicide pays the premium, not we; though, perhaps, he may only do it once."

"I do not see anything to joke about, Mr. Campden, on so shocking a subject," observed the lady, austere, as she rose with the rest of her sex from the now finished repast.

"I assure you, my dear, I only wished to remove your scruples about those ponies. They are really not the price of blood, because nobody has yet reaped any advantage from our new arrangement. There is, perhaps, a little temptation to some of our clients when they shave; but as to using their razors for—"

"Ugh!" interrupted the lady, as she swept out of the room in the rear of the retreating forces. "Don't talk of such things, I beg. If that is what you call humor, I am glad I don't understand it."

"Now, my wife would drive those ponies, Dalton, and with just as great satisfaction, if half our board of directors should cut their throats to-morrow," observed Mr. Campden, as the door closed behind her.

"But not if the chairman did it, I hope?" said Dalton, smiling.

"Well, I think in that case she'd wait—perhaps a week," answered the host, with a cheerful laugh. His dividend had put him in great good-humor.

For the moment, nothing more was said, but when Dalton and his host were presently smoking their cigars together in the garden, the former resumed the subject.

"I suppose," said he, "this obliging permission of yours, to all whom it may concern, to make away with themselves, is not retrospective? You don't allow people to do it

who have insured with you under the old system?"

"Well, no; because there is nothing attractive about that to new clients. But, at the same time, there is some doubt—at least, so our secretary thinks, who is a lawyer—whether they might not take advantage of the concession if they would. It seems deuced hard that a man who has insured with us for twenty years, for example, may not blow his brains out if he pleases, while any fellow who joined us yesterday enjoys the privilege. For my part, however, I think the law would be upon our side; and—setting aside that the thing is a crime—the gospel, too. We have agreed with the old set for a penny a day, and if we choose to give the new ones twopence, the former have no right to complain."

"You mean no legal right?" observed Dalton, to whom a parable from the Scriptures had just now no overwhelming force of conviction.

"Well, yes. Of course there would be something to be said morally—if the subject admitted of morals—upon the other side. The man who had insured with us for twenty years, for example, would certainly not be so guilty of fraud, if he were to commit suicide and to conceal it, as he would have been had our new system never been inaugurated. There would at all events be more excuse for him, since his case would, by comparison, be a hard one."

"And yet I suppose you would not pay a policy thus forfeited?"

"Yes; I should recommend it to be paid, because I think it would be *our* policy to pay it. It would be a most splendid advertisement, and would not cost more than the usual method of advertising. You have no idea what a lot of money is spent in that way even by an insurance company."

And Mr. Campden went off into statistics upon that subject, and the topic of life-insurance was dropped.

Mr. Campden was a man of large ideas in business transactions, and hated details unless they were of real importance; he had never had the curiosity to peruse the list of policy-holders in the Palm Branch, and was quite ignorant that his guest—who, on his part, never troubled his friends with his own affairs—was insured in it.

Mrs. Dalton, whose parents had died while she was little more than a child, had come of age shortly before her marriage, and, as we have said, had refused to have her fortune of ten thousand pounds settled upon her in the usual way, but had given the absolute disposal of it to her husband; and he in his turn—though at that time he had thought the money as safe from any act of his as though it had been tied up by the most stringent of deeds—had insured his life for half that sum—namely, five thousand pounds. He had not dreamed, although the thing had thus been done in the way of a "set off," that this provision for his family would ever be a matter of great moment; but its importance, if "anything should happen to him," had now become paramount. This sum, added to the three thousand pounds which he still possessed, would secure them

a competency. On the other hand, if he should continue to live on, the three thousand pounds would be spent all the quicker; for, instead of being the bread-winner of his family, he would only be the largest consumer of their bread; while the insurance itself would be a millstone about their necks, by reason of the yearly premiums, one of which, as it happened, was due in a month's time.

GATHERINGS

FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

XII.

UPON THE TERRACE.

HAVING invited you, dear reader, to accompany me in my walks upon the terrace, I will direct your attention to the most distant object which bounds our panoramic view on the south. It is *Janiculum*, far-famed Janiculum, and you must suffer me for a moment to drift into apostrophe, for I must say "thou" to the venerable, "history-laden Janiculum." Hast thou not felt the war-tread of the Goths, Visigoths and Ostrogoths, upon thy eventful breast, trembling beneath the tramp of hostile invaders, who, from thy commanding summit, saw the prophetic eagle descend and light upon the head of Tarquin? He and his Etrurian bride of royal lineage, refugees from their native land, and sore oppressed, stood side by side, adventurers in Rome's new and rising realm—the brave and gifted Tarquin soon to become its king, and build a fame outlasting its walls, and to live as long as thou, most venerable mount! Hadst thou but speech to tell us about those distant, bloody times, it would be a thrilling narrative to relate! Is it true, or only fable, portentous mount, that Cincinnatus cultivated corn and flowers along thy fertile base? Alas! we cannot give thee a tongue, and must leave thy fruitful annals to disputatious historians, who have volunteered to speak for thee. Yet one event of recent date contends with no obscurity, and rests sustained by the living testimony of thousands!

From this same terrace, in the year 1849, I saw the patriot Garibaldi, with his brave Lombard youths, lie intrenched upon its heights for weeks, exhausted and worn out by fighting, lulled into security by artfully promulgated assurance that "the breach on that particular night would not be entered." Garibaldi himself was deceived, and gave to his enemy credit for generous chivalry. Then his little band of volunteers, each one a hero, lay down to rest, waiting for the morrow's sun; but the morrow never dawned for them—they were murdered in their trenches.

Leaving Janiculum, our eyes will fall upon the church of San Pietro Montorio, from which the French, in the first Napoleon's time, carried off Raphael's picture of the "Transfiguration."

A little farther down you see gardens and fountains, which lie behind the stately palace of Prince Corsini. The palace itself has but

one event of importance connected with it—Christina, Queen of Sweden, lived and died there. Advance your sight over its roof, toward the Tiber, and you see the walls of the Palazzo Farnesina. Here I intend to hold your attention for a brief time until I relate something about this palace. It was built by Agostino Chigi, a rich banker, the Lucullus of his time, and the friend of Raphael, expressly, it is said, to give a most sumptuous banquet for Leo X., the cardinals and ambassadors to his court. Ambitious of distinction, and desirous of being known as a patron of learning and art, he invited the noted typographer Zacharius Calliergus from Venice to reside with him and superintend the publishing and printing of the first Greek book issued from the press in Rome. This was the celebrated "Pindar" of 1515, which was printed in the palace under the personal supervision of the banker. But the Farnesina is mostly interesting for its connection with the name of Raphael of Urbino.

It was here that his immortal pencil did its last work. It was here that he first saw La Bella Fornarina, and it is said to have occurred in this way: The Farnesina Palace was, and is still, surrounded with high walls. Some of Raphael's scholars, Francisco Peni, Giacomo da Udino, Giulio Romano, and others, who assisted in the frescoes representing the history of Cupid and Psyche, one day saw, as they mounted to the top of the wall, a lovely girl in the adjoining garden, bathing her feet in the Tiber. They carried enthusiastic tidings of their discovery to their master, who was also tempted to steal a glimpse of the charming vision; he ventured to approach, became daily more and more enamored with her beauty, and ended by falling desperately in love with the baker's daughter, thus throwing in the shade poor Maria Bibbiena, the cardinal's niece, to whom he was affianced.

The baker's ovens were close beside the Farnesina walls, and several writers who delight in picturing clandestine love have painted minutely the ways and means by which the painter found ingress to the premises to plead his passion; how by crazy stairs in the rear of the shop he found his way to the little room, the window of which is still pointed out to sight-seers, ornamented with a pretty cornice, and looking toward the Settimania Gate. I will here dip into my journal and tell you how I made acquaintance with the spot, thirty years ago:

ROME, June, 1842.

Worked to-day at the Corsini Palace, copying the Mother and Child after Murillo. At twelve I went to a little *osteria* outside the Porta Settimania. The building is credibly known as the bakery where La Fornarina lived and loved the prince of painters. One part of the house is still a bakery, where I saw a *fornarina* looking from the window; but she was not the least attractive. The other part of the building is occupied as a wine-shop and kitchen. In the last I ordered a chop, which I saw cooked in the same room, where it was served upon a table having a broken leg, and covered with a cloth red with the wine-stains of many

dates. The host, who was also cook and waiter, was a short, stout person of middle age, and wore a coarse white-cotton shirt rolled up above the elbows, exposing red, brawny, muscular arms. White trousers, or rather drawers, secured at the waist by a greasy leather belt; a coarse napkin, the color of the tablecloth, thrown over his left shoulder; shoes slipshod, exposing a pair of stockingless heels; and a bald, shining *os frontis*, crowned with a soot-colored skull-cap, completed the *personnel* of this remarkable individual. He carried in his right hand a long iron toasting-fork, large enough for the trident of Neptune, and in coming forward struck an attitude at once delightful and patronizing.

"Siete Inglese" (You are English), said he, watching me eat my tough chop

"No," I replied.

"Germano?"

"No."

"Francese?"

"No."

"Spagnolo?"

"No."

"Russo?"

"No."

"Dunque siete Turco?"

"No."

"Allora, per Bacco, non siete di nessun nazione. Mache diavolo, diteme un po'—avete un paese?" (Then, by Bacchus, you have no country; but how is it, in the name of the devil, tell me, do you hail from any country?)

"Oh, yes! I am an American."

"Davvero, l'America, capisco. L'America accanto l'Egitto." (Indeed, America! I perceive; America, alongside of Egypt.) And raising his long fork, he pointed triumphantly toward the east.

The cook gave me his distinguished confidence, and, with a phraseology and gesticulation peculiar to Trastevere, told me of a grievous wrong he had suffered; that he, a high-born Trasteverian, ¹ *un galantuomo*, had been most infamously swindled by certain officials in Rome, who made him pay the cruel amount of fifty scudi, simply for killing "un maladetto Romano."

After I had finished my frugal repast, and had patiently listened to the wrongs, whether fancied or real, of the cook, I prevailed upon him to show me the chamber said to have been occupied by La Bella Fornarina. We reached the first story from the backyard by climbing up a heap of stones, formerly a stone-stairs, and, landing upon the first floor, we found a collection of old, worm-eaten boxes, barrels, and baskets, the latter apparently covered with the mould of half a century. The walls in every direction were festooned with cobwebs and mildew; dampness and dust had taken possession of every cranny and crack of the unwholesome place. It must have been the paradise of rats, mice, and scorpions. Upon the broken flooring of this apartment a common ladder found a perilous footing, and led to the room above,

¹ The Trasteverians claim to be a people of pure old Roman blood, which has descended to this time, and assume a superiority over their neighbors on the other side of the Tiber.

which I was trying to reach, the cook taking the lead. As he mounted the ladder, the shaky rounds creaked and bent under his weight, and I expected momentarily to find him and myself precipitated into his kitchen directly under us; but in a moment I was relieved by seeing him disappear through a hole above, and, I following him, we found ourselves in a small room with a low ceiling, half filled with musty hay and straw. As we entered we disturbed a numerous family of doves, who made their exit through the window. Here they billed, and cooed, and made their nests, as contented as doubtless Raphael was when visiting the baker's daughter in her neat and unpretending apartment.

Returning to the Farnesina Palace, our attention is directed to the "Galatea," that masterpiece of power, and to the "Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," from the finishing of which the painter was called suddenly away, never to see them, or touch pencil again. Eager to obey the summons of the pope, who had sent for him, he walked fast, exposed to the burning heat of a midday sun, and while in audience with his holiness he had a chill from the change of temperature, and was seized with a mortal illness, which, on his thirty-seventh birthday, robbed the world of one of its few great artists.

Julius II. wept as he saw the beautiful remains lying in state in front of the "Transfiguration"—one of the last works of Raphael—and a contemporary writer says: "It was a spectacle of deep interest; a most touching episode in the history of art."

Castiglione writes at that period: "Ma non me pare esser à Roma, perche non vi e piu il mio poveretto Raffaello!"—His death was mourned as a public calamity.

Not far from the palace, and within sight, is the Pantheon, where the body of Raphael rests, and near his tomb a slab tells us that Maria Bibbiena, his promised bride, has sepulchre. Cardinal Bembo writes over the artist's remains:

"ILLE HIC EST RAPHAEL TIMUIT QUO
SOSPIT VINCENT. RARUM MAGNA PARENS
ET MORIENTE MORI."

The Agrippian Temple, commonly known as the Pantheon, was erected twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ. It was used as a heathen temple for six hundred and eight years, and then consecrated to the uses of Christian worship, having been pillaged¹ of its bronze and marble magnificence, first by an emperor and then by a pope; the last insulting its simple grandeur by the erection of two belfries.

Although robbed and thrust into companionship with shops, markets, and low surroundings, there is enough left of the Pantheon to make every beholder stop and marvel at its classic beauty.

"Simple, erect, severe, sublime,
Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
From Glove to Jesus, spared and blest by time."

¹ Constantine II. removed much of the bronze roof. Urban VIII. caused to be taken away from the ceiling 450,250 pounds' weight of bronze to make columns over the apostles' tomb in the Vatican. The rest was run into moulds for cannon to fortify the Castle of St. Angelo."—*Donican*.

LOVE-MATCHES.

LOVE-MATCHES, as they are called, often turn out more unhappily than matches in which reason, not wholly unmixed with self-interest, plays a prominent if not controlling part. The matches that are made in heaven, to adopt the stereotyped sentimentalism, are apt to reflect so little credit on it that the place of their putative origin may justly be disputed. Even if made in heaven, one might be pardoned for thinking, from their inharmoniousness, that they had received their finishing touches in the other place.

Love, or sympathy, which is much the same, would seem to be essential to any marriage that is not one of convenience. It certainly is not bad to begin with love—and the amount may be very liberal—since the tendency of years and experience is to abate, if not to extinguish, the most ardent transports that a wedded couple can set out with. The trouble is to determine what love is—not to define or analyze it, for that were, perhaps, impossible; but to get sufficient notion of it to prevent our being duped by something that is grossly spurious.

Love is a fine name for many varieties of sense and selfishness. There is such a charm in the mere term to most men and to all women, that they are in ceaseless danger of accepting it for the label it so flauntingly, often so fraudulently, displays.

Probably more wrong is done, more unhappiness is caused in the name, and under the countenance of love, than by any acknowledged agency of mischief. Man understands far better than woman does, or can, the conjuring power of simulated love. He knows that, if he can persuade her to believe in his sincerity, his suit is substantially won; hence his effort, in the unequal war perpetually going on between the sexes, to present a clever counterfeit of what he is conscious will aid him so largely in gaining the victory. Woman's love is very frequently nothing more than the reflection of her credulousness of love, declared in the mirror of her sentimental approval. She is more easily deceived, too, by her own heart than by the most vehement protestations of man, because her heart lives not on what it gets, but on what it wants to have; but when, in addition to her own self-deceit, her wooer deceives himself likewise, the result, though both are sincere and innocent, is none the less pitiable, since inexorable Nature compels us to pay the same penalty for mistakes as for transgressions.

In love-matches that are fallacious there is always self-deceit on each side; and, when this has been discovered, each feels, and is apt to think, that the other has practised the deception. In love-matches that are genuine, rare though they be, and seldom so designated, there may be abatement of fervor and intensity; but what these lose, sympathy and devotion gain. They are under the benediction of the gods, to whom they may be trusted for fortunate issue.

The love-matches that go by the name, and are unctuously spoken of in the little

circle whence they emanate, are, for the most part, satires on the title they bear, since love, in any high or strict sense, has very little share in them. They are usually inspired by passion, nourished by vanity, and brought to poignant regret by time and reason. Their makers are generally very young—younger in knowledge and experience than in years—and in the pride of their youth are impatient of counsel and heedless of warning. They are afflicted with the disease of omniscience, which attacks juvenility in its most aggravated form. Mistaking their ardor for augury, and their hope for fulfillment, they believe all that they fancy, and see in the future all that they believe. The calm they count as cold-blooded, the cautious as skeptical, the conservative as cynics. Love burns in their souls, they declare; love is divine; love cannot err; unconscious or forgetting that they confound bodies with souls; that the love they feel is superlatively human; and that, if love cannot err, lovers have a marvelous gift for blundering.

What is to be done with such goose-caps it is hard to determine; if not allowed to marry, they may do worse (be not doubtful, for there is a worse!); if allowed, they are sure to be wretched. Can they be induced to wait, meanwhile privileged, with certain restrictions, to see all they wish of one another, their cure is pretty certain. Nothing so inflames them, nothing they so much covet, as opposition. They long to be placed in the most romantic of situations; they are mad for some pretext for raving about cruel destiny, hard-hearted parents, bitter hostility to the union of two kindred souls already joined by Heaven. (Poor old Heaven, what a deal of responsibility is put on it that belongs exclusively to maudlin egotists and melodramatic ninnies!) Remove all restrictions, let them be together day after day, week in and week out, and their keen appetite for violating the interdicted is dulled at once. Many an unhappy marriage has thus been prevented. A young couple resolved to make fools of themselves, not without liberal assistance from Nature, however, lose their resolution when they have no obstacles to overcome.

Patient waiting solves most of the problems that perplex us, the matrimonial problem among others, especially for the young. It is doubtful if more than half the marriages founded on mutual inclination would have been consummated had time enough been taken for the lovers to get well acquainted; and of the so-styled love-matches not a quarter.

Love-matches, with rare exceptions, have their beginning and end in passion merely. There can be no love without passion; but there may be, and is, plenty of passion without love. Passion is blind; but love, at its best, is clear-eyed, far-seeing. Love is sincerer, stronger, wiser, though less impatient, less impetuous, less exacting, than her tyrant brother, who goes ramping through the universe in the garb of his gentle sister—firm and fearless as she is gentle. Passion is subject to the wildest intoxication. While his senses are in a whirl, he naturally sees nothing as it is; and yet he demands that every-

thing shall appear to him sober as it has appeared to him drunk. He has a painful reaction for every debauch, and his reverse mood is both unjust and cruel. He is ever full of accusation—not against himself, but against those he has misapprehended through his inflamed imagination—as soon as his inebriety is fairly over. He is the worst of guides, the most treacherous of allies. Boastfully taking all the responsibility of his incessant rashness, he pleads, in cooler moments, his heat as his excuse, and can be held to nothing.

It would seem to be one of Nature's errors that passion should be strongest when reason is but half developed. But Nature is wiser than she seems. She so orders that she may be the surer of the perpetuity of the race. She cares not for the partial, her concern is for the universal. Love-mates help her in this regard; but they are likely to hurt themselves; and she can easily spare them, for her resources are inexhaustible.

Love-matches are generally made, on the part of the woman, between sixteen and twenty; on the side of the man, between eighteen and twenty-three; and nearer the earlier than later years. Ordinarily, neither he nor she is fitted at that period to make discreet connubial choice. They are children in mind and character; they are strangers to their own and to one another's dispositions; they are in a transition state as to needs, affections, purposes. Within the next five or eight years, if real growth be in them, they are likely to undergo divers and distinct alterations. Their moods, feelings, tastes, sympathies, change so radically that they are no longer what they were. What once attracted them may repel them now; their prejudices for may have become their prejudices against. The wife or husband selected then may not be the one that would be selected by the ripper judgment. And, if this be so, they who have married are to be deeply pitied; for henceforth they must either go on together in a state of constant suppression and spiritual barrenness, or lead a life of endless discord. They will devoutly wish, in the new awakening of their nature, that they had permitted their blood to tarry for their discernment; that they had listened to the voice of reflection and moderation, which they had denounced as the croaking of the raven. They are wise after the fact, and such wisdom is worse than bootless; it is the thorn that pierces the recollection, and fastens it to regret.

Are there any self-observant persons who have not noticed the changes that have taken place in themselves during the five or eight years that succeed their teens? Do they not look back upon their juvenile preferences and passions with a sense of amused amazement? How could they have thought so; how could they have liked this; how could they have done that? What was necessary to them then has become superfluous; the things of greatest moment have dwindled into insignificance. Notably have they varied in their affections, or rather in the objects thereof. They can scarcely make themselves believe they were ever madly enamored of the humdrum creature they now see in all his afflu-

ence of commonplace, or of the homespun dowdy about whose freckled brow they bound the fillets of their fancy. If they had obeyed the promptings of their then exuberant emotions, how much would have been done that they should long to have undone! Retrospect shows what an escape they have had, and under the shadow of the terror of the possible they wax humble in self-esteem.

Boy-love and girl-love are fertile themes for sentimental treatment. They must be looked at through the mellowness of distance and the poetry of the impossible to be made alluring. If exactly reproduced, they are insipid and prosaic enough. And when they are thought of in connection with marriage, their whole aspect alters; for marriage has a wondrous facility for taking the lightness and color out of the tapestry of imagination. He that indulges in a reverie over the blue eyes and golden hair of the village belle whom he kissed under the moonlight, and swore to love always, will find his reverie disturbed, if he think of her as his wife, and bring her, with all her belongings, to the present date. It is very well for the judge to glance regretfully back at Maud Muller, and her ankles bare and brown. But had he entered upon a plan of coöperative housekeeping with her, he would have thought more of silken hose and French boots, and have occupied himself, mayhap, with looking regretfully forward.

At the time when love-matches are usually made, all idea of practicability is ignored; and yet matrimony is eminently practical. The raw lovers deem it unworthy, unromantic, ungenerous, to bestow any thought upon the actualities of life—upon such vulgar entities as food and raiment, expenses and income, health and investments. They have a vague notion that they shall live in the ideal fashion; shall be above the low needs of appetite and apparel; shall enjoy a condition so exalted that none of the wants and weaknesses of earth shall ever reach them. They fancy they shall sit perpetually on a sofa, their arms about one another, talking emotional nonsense, and occasionally condescending to glance out at the passing world as they might at a poor panorama which had lost its interest to souls enjoying such beatitude as theirs.

What a rare frame of mind is that to cope with the manifold obligations of wedlock! It is as if one should advance to battle with the belief that the side should be victorious that would assume the more graceful attitudes, and deliver the more finely-turned compliments.

Love-mates are curious through their ingenuousness and ignorance. The few opinions they have are palpably absurd, and the more absurd they are the more stubbornly they cleave to them. One of these is that they were made for one another, which, from their unconquerable silliness, and the fitness belonging to mutually amorous folly, might indicate malignant design on the part of Nature. This, however, it is hardly necessary to say, is not their meaning. They affect to believe their souls so exquisitely attuned that but for their immediate union each must wander aimlessly, misunderstood, and unap-

preciated forevermore. Callow creatures, they think fables, and talk vacuity. They are made, like all men and women, for any one of a dozen, or a hundred, or a thousand, whose tastes and temperaments accord with theirs.

Nature has few peculiar moulds in her foundry of humanity. They are pretty much alike. When first taken out, the casts have the same shape, and must depend for their variation on future handling.

While we are very young, while the early consciousness of sex is restless within us, we are liable to love, or to think we love, any one of the proper gender who does not persistently drive us away. Love, as we call it, is, then, simply propinquity. He or she who is nearest, and is not positively hostile, wins all the heart we have to win in the days of our midsummer madness.

And then to hear those precious spoons prating of being born for one another; that they never shall or can love anybody but Clara or Paul, and that without their kindred soul there must be wasting away, and a distressing funeral, and a little grave decked with violets and whitest rosebuds! Something occurs to throw them apart. Charles takes the place of Paul, and Willie of Charles, and Harry of Willie, as Ida and Jennie and Helen take the place of Clara, and still that pathetic funeral is indefinitely postponed.

Even after we have grown up, and have had mature experiences of the heart, we are prone to talk a good deal of rubbish about love. But that is more rhetoric and make-believe than philosophy or conviction, and deceives nobody, not even ourselves. Conversational folk must have a subject, and what subject offers such infinite variety as love, of which you may affirm or deny anything with equal likelihood of belief? It is said that a large majority of the matrimonial separations that, unhappily, are so constantly occurring, are between those who have made love-matches. The reflection is not on love, but on the manner of the match, on the haste of forming it; thereby interfering with a reasonable prospect of a proper choice. Proclaimed love-matches are obnoxious to suspicion. They who tell you that they married purely for love often excite your curiosity to know what has become of all the love they say they once felt. It must be carefully kept, because their nearest friends have never seen it in their house, or anywhere else. Occasionally, there is a *simulacrum* of it; but that is reserved for special occasions—for what may be termed exhibition-days. The original article, like the Koh-i-noor, is so precious that nobody is permitted to look upon it, and it is even doubted if its reputed possessors could tell its mysterious whereabouts themselves.

The love-matches really deserving of the name need no advertisement; they are readily detected by observers capable of judging between truth and sham. They have usually been made, not late in life, perhaps, but not in the salad-days of their contractors. These have felt they could afford to wait, at least a year or two, before intrusting to one another the happiness of life. They did not rave in

a maudlin manner concerning their inner nature, the needs of their being, and the eternal destiny of sympathetic souls. They neglected gush to cultivate self-understanding; they did not waste their time and strength in sentimental babble, nor in trying to fix the gaze of an admiring world. They held the even tenor of their way, and when their hour struck they joined hands because their hearts had been joined before, and passed in grateful silence, but not without solemnity, into that dual state where happiness is not assured, but where man and woman find their best opportunity for good to others and themselves, for full development, and the mutual aid which keeps man brave and strong, and woman sweet and beautiful.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

WINTER FOREST TINTS.

IN a former paper, the picturesqueness of certain trees, in the simple matter of their structure, independent of foliage, was touched upon. A wider study is that afforded by their artistic effects in a winter landscape, of which whole forests or detached pieces of woodland make no inconsiderable part.

In New England we have about five months during which the trees are without leaves—abundant time in which to find out what are their possibilities for making attractive a country despoiled of green, except where it remains, dull and sombre, on the pines and hemlocks and others of their class. If we look upon this state of things in the outward world merely as something which we must endure—or flee from, if we can, to a place of more genial conditions—then, probably, all the varying aspects will be of no account to us; we shall take note of this long season only in its relations to the weather, and our personal comfort or discomfort; it is a world, unfortunately, subject to wintry changes that are inevitable; it is more or less cold, it storms or ceases to storm; without, all is dreariness and repetition of dreariness—frozen ground, snow-fields, and the naked trees through which the winds whistle, and at sight of which we are repelled instead of being attracted.

And yet many are the changes that are going on; and tender pictures are made up, even from the unpromising elements that are left us. The resources of Nature are by no means exhausted; her agencies are at work in other ways than in warmer seasons, and with different results. And, in bringing about these magical effects, the drear, denuded woodlands, and great sweeps of mountain-forest and solitary groves, have an important part. If it were all evergreens, how changed would be the aspect of things, how much more desolate! Tree stems and trunks utterly bare give a lightness and grace of outline which breaks the ruggedness of a winter-bound landscape; and they take various delicate tints, according as the atmospheric influences affect them.

The kind of day, and the time of day, make all the difference. They are near or distant, forbidding or friendly, sombre or

tinted with color, as the day is dark or bright, misty or clear. There are mornings when the mountain-tops are wrapped in red light, and all the forests down their sides catch the ruddy glow, till the world from rim to rim of "the visual line that girls you round" seems the warmer for it; by nightfall, if a storm is impending, you get only a sense of forlornness from them—the same trees, but all the glamour has gone—a few hours before the brightness was as cheering as a cordial to you, and they were so clothed with that passing crimson that you had no sense of the absence of foliage, but now you have sense of nothing else; they look stripped and shivering, as if they were left off in the cold of some northern zone, shut in by an impassable wall, beyond which are warmth, color, fullness, growth, everything. There are noons of keen air, strong sunshine, and sky of "blue fire," when they are sharply cut in the intense clearness of the atmosphere; other days, when, seen through mists, they have a dreaminess like the vanishing ghosts of trees; days on which snow mantles them in a white fleece, or ice sheathes them till they glitter like crystal, or rain, dripping on the branches, changes the very color of them, and every twig holds trembling on its tip a drop of liquid light.

On one of the late, foggy mornings succeeding a damp snow which had turned to rain and then ceased, and the air was so dense that the sun could not show through, the world seemed full of a faint, yellow light, and all the tree-tops glowed in bronze; the warm moisture over night had freshened the bark, and the state of the atmosphere and the light were answerable for the rest. It was in great part an illusion; and when, a few hours later, after the low-hanging cloud of vapor had begun to lift from the edge of the sky, where a bright, coppery lustre shone, the same trees were like fine etchings on copper-plate—that, too, was an illusion; they were the dark, familiar branches and trunks of elms and maples only. This glorified look, this transformation, was all deceptive; but so is the rosy light of morning that transfigures the whole world, so is the blue smoke that idealizes the mountains. So are many of these tree-manifestations; the true character, the actual color, is seen aright only by the honest light of a common kind of day. These are the exceptional cases. But then—how many are the days that are exceptional, how few can be called common!

I might, morning after morning, watch the effect, just before the rising of the sun, produced by that evergreen wall which bounds my eastern outlook, and the near, leafless trees that intervene; and no two should be alike. This morning, by reason of some intangible phase of the atmosphere, over all that space of hill where the evergreens stand, there was nothing apparent but a dusky blue shadow against the dead, pearly ground of sky; and on this blue curtain the tree-stems were projected in lines of russet. Yesterday the sight was as sumptuous in coloring as to-day it is dim. There is a little dip in the horizon, where in the short days the sun comes up; and yesterday the sky in that hollow was like burnished

copper, growing every moment more insufferably bright, softening into gold higher up, and that in turn melting into a pearly lustre all over the great dome above. Against that dazzling red, that splendor of golden flame, the trees were black. Just there, where the depression in the hill-line comes, a church-steeple shows against the sky, its belfry forming an open arch, midway of which hangs the bell. The structure in that morning light, pictured on that burning background, had an architectural grace which it is not in reality entitled to; and the near trees, whose branches are in position to make them accessories of the steeple, appeared in the fashion of a dainty sort of network all about it. That sky of golden fire looked opaque; solid, like flaming metal at red-heat; and on it every twig of every tree was seen in fine, black lines, cut clean and sharp like engraving. The semblance lasted a few moments, then the sun came up, rose higher, the glory vanished, and the marvelous tracery resolved itself back into ordinary tree-branches, leafless and sober, and nothing more.

So go the changes, as the procession of the days goes on; they are vapory blue, they are gray as ashes, they are in the deepest shade of violet, they are dark as iron.

Apart from this, there are peculiarities of tint in certain patches of wood, according to the prevailing species of tree that grows there. On a far-off western hillside, the different kinds of trees have something of a wavy appearance, where white birches run into the white-green of poplars, and these are lost in the faint purplish hue that characterizes an orchard of sugar-maples when seen from a distance. At the base of the hill the evergreens make so large a proportion as to effectually obscure all other kinds; but next, higher up, the white birches have the ground; and, above them, a tier of evergreens again; and so every slim white stem stands in as pure a line as a shaft of white marble. They seem, indeed, like slender pillars holding up the green of the hemlocks and pines. Further along and higher up the trees grow in clumps or singly; and conspicuous beyond anything else are the scattered white birches, which, growing alone, have nothing to conceal any portion of them, so that there is just the slight outline of a silver-white tree, seeming to stand out in relief. There is no gloom, no harshness, in that wide stretch of wintry landscape; the blending of the dim bluish-gray with the dimmer purple, and the plummy outlines of the evergreens, give amenity to a scene that would otherwise be austere.

This hint of color, this mere suggestion of a tint, is in the case of many trees due to the buds; imperceptible, perhaps, when seen near at hand or in one separate tree, but showing in the mass. In some species of the oak they are of a drab verging on olive; in the elms, drab with a reddish cast; in maples, of a chestnut, warm enough to foreshadow the crimson which will set them all aflame in April. Taken in connection with the seed-pods remaining on some of the larger shrubs, such as the chocolate-colored cones of the common alder, and the dull ochre of the witch-hazel, and the dead leaves that cling through half the winter to oak and beech, in

hues of soft fawn and russet, no wooded tract can in any true sense be said to be destitute of color. In addition to all this, which gives a little the effect of drapery where these especial shrubs and trees are in abundance, there are the many hues of the bark, particularly noticeable in the swamp-maples and the high blueberry-bushes, which mark the whole underwood with intricate, fine lines, in a dull but rich red. The variety of so decided a color among the browns, and chocolate, and drabs, makes it the more attractive. It was Kotzebue who said that on a barren heath even a little meadow-flower might please. This winy-red bark of the luxuriant maple, and the thickets of blueberry, seem to vein the whole tangle of intermingled shrub and tree, like dark-crimson threads shot in and out in fantastic patterns through some sober-colored web.

On rainy days, or after the melting away of the snow in time of thaw, all trees show the influence of moisture on their bark. The black, and claret, and olive-green of the black birch, and the wild cherry-trees, and the white pines, seem to have taken on a fresh coating of color and received a finishing lustre. Then, too, does the beauty of the mosses and lichens come out; the fine threads and dainty borders expanding and brightening, until trunk and branch are in holiday decorations in every shade of green and gray to such an extent that an entire tree, or a grove even, shows for a few hours, while the dampness lasts, as if ready to burst into bud and put on spring attire.

AMANDA B. HARRIS.

ENGLAND, LITERARY AND SOCIAL,

FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

OF the thousands of foreigners who visit England every year, it would be safe to say that the majority, by far, are led there from mere motives of curiosity—to see with their own eyes, and view for themselves, the places and scenes associated with those memorable events which the art of the historian has made familiar to them. It is but reiteration of a well-worn and established fact to say that England is richer in historical associations than almost any other country in the world. The capital abounds in interesting reminiscences of events which centuries ago laid the foundations of her present greatness and wealth; and there is hardly a city or town within the length and breadth of her boundaries but can tell of some notable act or deed done, some stirring scene enacted, which has more or less perceptibly influenced her after-destiny among the nations. Her venerable abbeys and cathedrals; her sombre prison-fortress of the Tower, and castle relics of feudal times; her noble universities and foundation schools; her worthy examples of stately halls and mansions of the nobility; and the humbler birthplaces of those of her poets, writers, and artists, who have blessed and delighted mankind by their works—have each and all contributed to make England the country of all others possessing

the most interest for the student and traveler. To view her rightly, and appreciate her thoroughly, the visitor to her shores should be endowed with the imaginative faculty to some extent; he should be well read in the lore of history, be skilled in detecting the picturesque, have a keen eye for and something of a longing after the simple beauties of Nature, and it would be well that he should be well endowed with those physical qualities begotten of good health, an absolute freedom from care, and a strong resolution to please and be pleased. All these essentials to the profitable study of her never-ending and various charms seem to have been possessed in an eminent degree by the writer of a volume of essays now resting at our elbow. Their author, Julius Rodenberg, a German writer of established repute, discusses "England, Literary and Social, from a German Point of View," and he does so with so much elegance and freshness, such vivacity and scholarly appreciativeness, that his book—albeit it treats of little that is absolutely new—is deserving of notice if only as a rather unique example of thoughtful German criticism of certain salient points connected with English letters and society.

"Everywhere starting from some important point in the history of literature and education," Mr. Rodenberg explains that, in writing the essays of which his book is composed, he has endeavored "to seize here and there out of the isolated periods of England's development in both these provinces a moment, not indeed arbitrarily, but always guided by the idea of making it the central point of a picture which, from the concrete, offers a perspective of the abstract: the people and the country of England." Beginning with "Kent and the Canterbury Tales," our author gives us a charming picture of England's fruitful and picturesque garden, presents us with an accurate photograph of the grand old Anglo-Norman Cathedral of Canterbury, and then proceeds to discourse pleasantly upon the writings of the poetical herald and first singer of England, Geoffrey Chaucer. He has something in his appearance, writes Mr. Rodenberg, which greatly puts him in mind of the "Bible-unfolding" Luther. "A friend to study, of extensive reading, with various attainments as free from the superstitions of the age as the condition of natural science allowed him to be—he was at the same time a man of life, the world, and the people; who understood their language, and loved it, and, if he did not create it, yet formed its natural peculiarity, and prepared it for literary use." With great care and clearness we are told the story of the poet's varied existence, of his courtly life in the days and years of his prosperity, of his mission to Italy and introduction to Petrarch, and finally of his misfortunes and pecuniary embarrassments in the ending years of the fourteenth century. "All in all, Chaucer passed the thirteen years from 1386-'99, if not in misery and poverty, yet with scarcity and privations of every kind, struggling with debts and creditors. But now his God-graced nature, sunny in its deepest depths, showed itself, which no earthly mantle could darken; for in these thirteen years, like the nightingale

singing in the night, he produced his great poem, which, borne from century to century, belongs to the world's literature, as it opens that of England. I do not know," continues Mr. Rodenberg, "in what sense or to what extent John Morley is right when he says that only Englishmen can understand this poet thoroughly. To me, I must confess this does not appear so difficult. I have always pictured to myself this free, bright, and independent man, just as Morley describes him, telling us that when he was rich he seems to have enjoyed all the good things which his riches could procure without restraint; and that after he was deprived of his property he raised no common lamentation, but, consoling himself with his own peculiar wealth, ate a worse dinner, and wrote his 'Canterbury Tales.'"

The story of these tales has been told time and time again by writers long before the birth of Julius Rodenberg, but rarely with so much freshness of style and lucidity of diction. Tracing the resemblance between "the two classical models of the modern art of narrating in prose and rhyme—the 'Decameron' and the 'Canterbury Tales'" —Mr. Rodenberg thus writes of the two great poets of the fourteenth century: "Both were men of letters, of courtly education, clever in affairs of state; men who had learned to know the world by traveling, and mankind by manifold changes of circumstances. There prevails, therefore, in their writings a lively tone of entertainment, full of humor, wit, and *bonhomie*. By each of them, with sovereign ease, are the social questions of that time treated of, and types of the society of that time depicted; and, therefore, with respect to the history of culture, the 'Decameron' has for the Italy of Boccaccio exactly the same importance which the 'Canterbury Tales' claim for Chaucer's England. It can then be scarcely needful to remark expressly that his book is as little free as that of Boccaccio from so-called *anstössigen Stellen*. There was too much of this in the tone of that time, of the finer moral cultivation; and the respect which was paid to women—the touchstone of the value of the period, I think Rousseau calls it—never indicated any particularly high grade. Never in the Christian world has woman occupied such a degraded position as at the time of the *Minnesänger* and love-courts. While in poetry woman's favor and the grace of love was the theme repeated even to tediousness, in reality women were treated with revolting contempt. But did such a contradiction really exist between the song and the life? Where was there to be found in the rhymes of the troubadours a word about the soul, the duty, the worth of a woman? Did they not rather celebrate without exception merely her personal charms and beauty? Deprive their song of its poetical veil, and scarcely anything else will remain but the woman whose sole destiny appears to be to minister to the pleasures of man. What wonder if woman became by degrees that for which man took her, if immorality of conduct and shamelessness in speech became so very characteristic of the feminine world of the middle ages that Chaucer, in good earnest, and with the ap-

pearance of a speaking likeness, set forth, as woman's representative, 'The Good Wife of Bath!'"

The following from the paper on "Shakespeare's London" reads almost like a bit from Macaulay: "In the firmament of philosophy, so long overclouded by the mist of scholasticism, a star of the first magnitude was rising. Men had learned again to speak with classic antiquity in its own language. Poets found purer forms, and grander subjects for their songs, and the dramatic muse awoke. A style half chivalric and learned, half full of artistic geniality, reigned in the court of Queen Elizabeth. 'Queen Bess' has always been one of the favorite figures of English history, of the English people; and this she would certainly not have been, if, besides the talent to reign, she had not possessed other qualities of appearance, of mind, and of heart. The Elizabeth who only too often rises before us is the queen who sentenced Mary Stuart to death; and we have therefore accustomed ourselves to see in her the 'old' Elizabeth of whom our traveler Hentzner, toward the end of the fifteenth century, sketched certainly a not very prepossessing picture when he says she had a wrinkled face, red wig, small eyes, a crooked nose, thin lips, and black teeth, and yet was continually hearing from her courtiers flatteries on her beauty. But we must also set before us the young Elizabeth, as she appears, for example, in the beautiful portrait in the South Kensington Museum, with pleasant feminine features and golden hair—the Elizabeth who studied the Greek classics in one of the still-inhabited apartments of Windsor Castle, who walked alone on the terrace of this castle meditating—the Elizabeth, in short, whom Shakespeare has celebrated."

Very interesting, full of pleasing instruction even to an Englishman, and singularly free from the chill color produced by the mere repetition of time-worn incident, is Mr. Rodenberg's description of Shakespeare's Theatre: "There, where behind Southwark Bridge in our London a gigantic host of chimneys day and night pours forth black smoke, which darkens the atmosphere—where there is an incessant roar of wagons, and a continuous smell of hops and malt, and where on a soot-blackened wall a board bears this inscription, 'Barclay & Perkins's Brewery'—on this same spot, three hundred years ago, and under the blue sky of Shakespeare's London, stood his theatre, which had for its sign 'Hercules with the Globe,' after which it was called the Globe Theatre. It is still the same, unchanged Southwark as we saw it, two hundred years earlier, in Chaucer's time—a rural suburb with fields and gardens. Memories of Shakespeare mingle with those of Chaucer; the old 'Tabard,' in which the Canterbury pilgrims formerly assembled, has received a gay neighbor; and, as Shakespeare's genius in the 'Mermaid' is connected with that of his future, so here in Southwark, where his theatre stands, it is connected with that of the past—the worthy father of English poetry; in this manner exhibiting, as it were, backward and forward, the local material connection between centuries. The Globe Theatre is an hexagonal building of

wood, almost like a fort, with many windows around, which look like loop-holes, with two small wooden houses on the top, and a flagstaff. Now, as the clocks of London strike a quarter to three, a fantastically-dressed man steps out of one of the little wooden houses with a trumpet to give the first signal. From all the theatres in the neighborhood sound the same tones, which meet in the air and urge to greater speed the vessels with which the mirror of the Thames is covered, and the riders who are coming over the bridge. But, before it is three o'clock, the trumpeter will blow twice more, and then, with the striking of the hour and the last flourish, the representation will begin, and a red-silk flag will appear on the flagstaff. Shakespeare's theatre was thus: a stage fifty-three feet broad and twenty-seven and one-half feet deep; a space of twelve and one-half feet in breadth round the rest of the building, for boxes, galleries, cloak-room, and passages, so that the inclosed 'yard' measured something like fifty-five by forty feet; the walls, of wood and whitewash, nearly thirty-two feet high—all full of people smoking, brawling, drinking, eating, lying, sitting, and standing, and over them the roof of the sky, blue and sunny to-day, to-morrow gloomy and full of rain. The stage above was protected from the changes of the weather by a roof of straw, and the place where the acting took place was divided by a curtain of woven material from the place which was occupied by the gallants and wits. It hung, like every other curtain, by rings on a rod, and was drawn apart in the middle toward each side. Now it strikes three, and the third trumpet-blast resounds from above. Immediately the curtain moves and parts. The *Prologue* advances, usually in a long, black-velvet cloak, and with a laurel-branch twined round his forehead. Sometimes the poet prescribes a different costume—as, for example, in 'Troilus and Cressida'—

'Hither am I come,
A Prologue armed,'

or in 'Henry IV.,' where *Prologue* appears as *Rumor*, invited all over with tongues. He recites his poetical greeting to the audience, in which he, at the same time, welcomes them and prepares them for the play, from a leaf which he holds in his hand. As soon as he has ended and retired, the play begins. At the end of it, *Epilogue* appears, according to rule, one of the characters of the drama, who invites the audience not to be niggardly in their applause. 'So, good-night,' says *Puck* as *Epilogue* in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'give me your hands if we be friends.' After the epilogue came the 'jig,' a medley of talking, singing, and dancing, also of couplet and ballet, full of allusions to the events and personalities of the day, brought out by the clown of the company, and accompanied by music. The conclusion of the whole representation was made by all the members of the troupe appearing again, kneeling down round the edge of the stage and saying a prayer for the queen."

Mr. Rodenberg relates the story of the origin of "calls" for the author of a play on a "first-night:" "The marks of approval

and of disapproval were the same in Shakespeare's theatre as in our own. The first instance of calling for a favorite author was not, indeed, till a hundred years later, and happened to one who took upon himself to compare Shakespeare with 'a drunken savage'—namely, Voltaire at the first bringing out of his 'Merope' in 1743. Lessing, who relates this event in his 'Hamburgische Dramaturgie' as something quite unusual, does not appear to have been much edified by it. 'When the representation was at an end, the pit desired to see this wonderful man, and called and yelled till Voltaire appeared and let them clap and gape to their heart's content.' Since then all French dramatic poets have stood in this pillory; but, adds the author of 'Emilia Galotti,' 'I would sooner have done away with such an evil custom by my example than by ten "Merope's" have given rise to it.' We wonder how far our modern dramatic authors, who are all on the *qui vive* for a "call" from the stage-box, and who would be grievously disappointed if it did not come, would agree in this?

Smoking, in Shakespeare's time, Mr. Rodenberg tells us, was a complete art. People learned smoking as at the present day they learn dancing; they had the most varying manners of taking the smoke and blowing it out again, "namely, the 'whiff,' and the 'sniff,' and the 'euripus,' and the stage was considered the best place to show what they had learned from their professors. To fill his pipe was the first thing a cavalier did after taking his three-legged stool on the stage; then he lighted it, handing round the burning match on the point of his sword, or begging one of his neighbor."

We have not space to follow Mr. Rodenberg through his admirable article on the "Clubs of London," the origin of which he discusses very fully, and with considerable learning. In his researches on the subject he finds himself able to arrive at the conclusion that "the beefsteak and the club are two such national institutions that, alone and united, they will never be allowed to die out from English life." The description given of the famous "Literary" or Johnson's Club, and its original nine members, is full of charming writing: "Another of the nine was Burke, upon whose fiery eloquence, perhaps, the only restraint imposed was the superiority of Johnson. 'I am contented to toll the bell for him,' said Burke. There was also here a young man about twenty, of noble and imposing exterior, recently returned from Italy, and always inwardly busied with a thought, a picture; how, at Rome, when sitting among the ruins of the Capitol, he had heard barefooted monks sing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter. Three-and-twenty years passed away before, one night in June, between eleven and twelve o'clock, in a summer residence by the Lake of Geneva, he wrote the last line of the last page of the work whose first idea had been called up before him that evening in Rome. The name of this work, one of the greatest in historical literature, is 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and the name of the author, though still young and unrenowned, his coming greatness only fore-

seen by a small band of select minds, was Edward Gibbon."

Mr. Rodenberg considers that, of the two clubs of the great political parties, that of the Whigs is the truer to the English national character, which, from its development, but little loves ostentation. Nevertheless, the Reform Club, to which our author here refers, is interiorly a magnificent example of princely luxury. Here is the description which Mr. Rodenberg himself gives of its library: "An imposing room, a whole story high, full of quietness, comfort, and books; beautiful pillars support the arches of the roof, rich hangings conceal the doors, thick carpets cover the floor, rows of valuable books adorn the walls, soft seats invite to reflection, and through a great window may be seen and breathed, in all its freshness, a glimpse of the green and the smell of the mignonette from Carlton Gardens. Such a room and such a library might well excite the quiet envy of a man who loves books. A wonderfully pleasant air, which fills the breast with comfort, and a mixture of light and shadow beneficial to the eyes and to the spirit, are here always. The dark gray of the marble walls, thrown up by a narrow but sufficient decoration of gold ornament, appears suited to that repose of the mind which is so necessary to him who would meditate; and the scarlet of the damask curtains, morocco seats, and leather borderings of the book-cases, brings into the temperature of the room just a breath of that warm tone which communicates itself imperceptibly to the temperature of the soul." This apartment contains, according to Mr. Rodenberg, "the most comprehensive political library in the kingdom"—a collection of ten thousand volumes.

SAD WISDOM—FOUR YEARS OLD.

"WELL, but some time I will be dead;
Then you will love me, too!"

Ah! mouth so wise for mouth so red,

I wonder how you knew.

(Closer, closer, little brown head—

Not long can I keep you!)

Here, take this one poor bud to hold,

Take this long kiss and last;

Love cannot loosen one fixed fold

Of the shroud that holds you fast—

Never, never, oh, cold, so cold!

All that was sweet is past.

Oh, tears and tears and foolish tears,

Dropped on a grave somewhere!

Does not the child laugh in my ears

What time I feign despair?

Whisper, whisper—I know he hears.

Yet this is hard to bear.

Oh, world with your wet face above

One veil of dust, thick-drawn!

Oh, weird voice of the hopeless dove,

Broken for something gone!

Tell me, tell me, when will we love

The thing the sun shines on?

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IN saying a word or two about Matthew Arnold I am very far from aiming at anything exhaustive. In fact, I must deliberately set his poetry aside, and much of his prose-work, as not falling within my present point of view. Having read with much interest and considerable care the most he has written, I wish merely to notice some striking literary peculiarities observable in his two latest works. For this purpose it would be impertinent to attack or support either his theology or atheology. Any allusion thereto will be simply descriptive or explanatory—or, perhaps, to illustrate by quotation that which primarily concerns me in this essay, the nature of that literary instrument which he wields so effectively and so remorselessly toward the particular object he has in hand. I mean his style. Not that his matter is not broad and pregnant enough for attention; it is in every respect of the deepest import and quality—of so much account, indeed, that what he has to offer cannot well be skipped by any thoughtful man, however he may, for himself, finally dispose of it.

When Mr. Arnold's "Essays in Criticism" appeared here eleven years ago, it was very properly accounted a strong and stirring book. The books that equal it in ability and acuteness were very few during the last decade, and cannot be very numerous at any time. It is said that Mr. Emerson not only welcomed it with high praise, but used it as a sort of touchstone for determining the mental condition and calibre of those young men who so often flock to him for the word he is hospitable enough and so ready to utter on their behalf. It is not out of date to use it as a measuring-rule to-day. For its themes are those which almost specially arrest the advanced scholar or very intelligent reader; while its manner and force of statement are those which only a vigorous, delicately-trained, and alert mind can engage in, either as contributor or recipient. We may or may not like the author's plea for the use of the hexameter in translating Homer—there is a great deal to be said on the other side, and the point in reference to our present purpose with the book is immaterial. Settle this as we like, and we shall not fail to find the making of it, and his subtle appreciation of all that appertains to the subject, both exquisite and stimulating. A similar encomium will hold good, likewise, with the remaining essays.

In a like degree I think any one who has read his two recent books—"Literature and Dogma," and "God and the Bible"—will confess his indebtedness and profit. One is continually surprised at his felicity and apparent ease of expression. The fluency and readiness, when we take the depth of his subject, and the complicated considerations which are to be kept steadily in view, are, indeed, something quite unsurpassable. His use of words is like the acrobat's use of his body, or a bird's use of its wings—a thing of perfection in the plane on which he attempts to move. Take almost

any paragraph at random, and it will trouble the most expert writer to restate or modify it without a very palpable loss of power, or of that indefinable essence which goes by the name of flavor. And it is the flavor as well as the power that charms and detains the reader. It is not easy to give any account of this. It grows out of no supercharged rhetoric like Ruskin's; it is not the product of awkward but poetic inversion, like a page from Carlyle; the colors are those which lie on the ordinary palette, but the picture they have blended to form show the arrival of the master. Compared with these two authors Mr. Arnold's style is one of reserve, of delicate qualification, of supreme repose. It has in an eminent degree the *ars celare artem*.

It is clear, outspoken, and forcible, and its irony percolates into the object, on which it plays as the lambent lightning penetrates and flashes through the rifted summer clouds. I set these words down deliberately to express a sportive delicacy in our author which it is not possible to greatly exaggerate. The reader of Mr. Arnold finds himself going back often, with not so much intention of catching or emphasizing the thought—which is already plain—as of studying the secret of, or of going on with, the peculiar spell which a few brisk and fluent periods have already woven.

I do not know fairly how to characterize such a style, for, among the writers of Great Britain, it has no very near fellowship. Our English cousins do a great deal of heavy, methodical writing, that seems full of beef and beer, and is charged with practical common-sense. It is forcible, though sometimes intolerably dull; thoroughgoing and well-informed, and represents the stanchness and solidity of the Saxon blood. The reviews and various ponderous articles in the critical weeklies are full of it, and you read it sometimes under the grotesque impression that it was all written by one man. But Mr. Arnold strikes an altogether dissonant note to this. He uses the same English tongue, which, with him, is a well-arranged mixture of Saxon and Latinized or exotic words, without favor or bias to either element; but the spirit with which he informs his work seems to come from across the Channel. And yet he is far from being a Frenchman in English dress. He has something of the lightness and electric motion which we ascribe to the French writer, but is without his frivolity, and trifling, and too frequent emptiness. We should never, in his most exalted periods, confound him with Renan; for, while Renan is not by any means the typical French writer our comparison points to, his sentimentalism is too definite to be mistaken or miscredited.

Mr. Arnold shows that he has made theological research a profound and earnest study, and in these books he is trying, with a sincerity we may not doubt, however widely he strikes apart from our views, to set his final conclusions clearly and openly before the world. The writing is serious; but it makes persiflage a prominent and familiar weapon, carrying it sometimes—as in the long line of running and recurring comment on the posi-

tion and views of the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester—so far as to seem almost cruel and pitiless. The manner here has the appearance of being personal, and almost spiteful; and, though I am not sure it is so, the inference that it is, some readers will not try to escape—nor would they, to be sure, if the escape from it were much easier. But it is a blemish, and should not have been necessary to one who proves himself so easily cool and self-poised. In equal bad taste is the comparison he makes out of the three hypothetical Earls of Shaftesbury, whereby he attempts to oppugn a doctrine which he might have opposed more effectively in a less novel and more reverent way.

These two incidents, invading the almost flawless spirit of his effort, are to be mentioned, because they are quite exceptional to the serenity which Mr. Arnold has made habitual. It may be wrong to say that he exhibits any real mental flurry here, but it is not wrong, I think, to say that the most accommodating and sympathetic reader will be repelled by these things, to the author's disadvantage and the detriment of that easy persuasion with which, even in difficult places, he is apt to carry one along with him. It is not that he deals in irony, it is not because the sarcasm and irony are so tremendous, that I make this exception; it is because these lapses from his better manner deliberately revolt the only audience which can be of any value to him, and because they contravene, too, his famous formula of "sweetness and light," which devout spirits of every creed will never be backward to acknowledge.

The candor which he maintains almost uniformly is a good illustration of that canon of criticism which he has borrowed from Sainte-Beuve, and extolled, I believe, in his previous essays—the attempt to *see the thing as it is*. Nothing shows this more clearly, perhaps, than his treatment of the Fourth Gospel from without and within, which occupies more than a third of his latest book. It would have better fallen in with his purpose to show that it has no claim to the authorship and validity assigned to it—to agree, in fact, with the theory of Baur and the Tübingen school; but, instead of doing this, he opposes their method and position so vigorously and with such acuteness as to furnish all the support that is needed, if not all that is claimed, by orthodox theologians. And there is nothing keener in a dialectical way than is to be found in some of the pages devoted to this purpose. Of the method of the Tübingen critics, which he calls "mechanical," he says (and we quote in order to show his manner):

"It takes for granted that things are naturally all of a piece and follow one uniform rule; and that to know that this is so, and to judge things by the light of this knowledge, is the secret for true criticism. People do not vary; people do not contradict themselves; people do not have undercurrents of meaning; people do not divine. If they are represented as having said one thing to-day and its seeming opposite to-morrow, one of the two they are credited with falsely. If they are represented as having said what in its plain, literal acceptation would not hold good, they cannot have said it. If they are represented as speaking of an event before it

happened, they did not so speak of it—the words are not theirs. Things, too, like persons, must be rigidly consistent, must show no conflicting aspects, must have no flux and reflux, must not follow a slow, hesitating, often obscure line of growth. No; the character which we assign to them they must have always, altogether, unalterably, or it is not theirs."

A similar want of accord with the author of the famous book on "Supernatural Religion" shows that he is working on behalf of nothing that is established on the one hand, or that is trying to get established on the other—except so far as their lines lie in the geography and latitude of his own.

There is a trick of repetition, which Mr. Arnold cultivates, that is sometimes almost tiresome; and yet it is one which he makes terribly effective for his purpose—as, for instance, where he tears a notion at which he revolts to pieces, and keeps tossing it up and down, as a cat does a mouse, in the midst of a general argument which does not deal solely with it, but keeps coming around to it from time to time. It would be a dangerous habit for any one but Mr. Arnold to establish; but in his hands it somehow drives and clinches his meaning cumulatively, as almost nothing else could. We notice a reviewer in the *Baptist Quarterly*, by a phrase which is almost an inspiration of genius—for the words fit the thing described exactly—calls it "the rhetoric of reverberation."

Certain terms and phrases which Mr. Arnold has made his own are, it is easy to see, likely hereafter to become a part of the permanent equipment of literature. His "sweetness and light" is, perhaps, already so; and his "sweet reasonableness," "a theory of vigor and rigor," "morality touched by emotion," the "Zeitgeist" (Time-spirit), "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," and many others, will be found descriptive in essay and controversy for a long time to come.

I had purposed to copy here a few paragraphs, casually taken from different portions of these books,¹ to illustrate more definitely the art which Mr. Arnold possesses in the handling of words, but they would do this imperfectly, and at the cost of too liberal space. Many passages are full of a spirit that is so choice as to be accounted rare, and enfold sayings of memorable beauty and truth, with which no Christian of any creed would care to quarrel.

It would be perilous to attempt to reproduce, even for literary inspection, Mr. Arnold's system or position; and to try to put it in a brief compass for the comprehension of the general reader would be a more hopeless effort than I should like to undertake. It is pertinent, perhaps, to say that, while he is the freest of iconoclasts, he is also, in the main, very reverent and constructive in spirit, assuring us of his desire to uphold religion and morality, and testifying with eloquence that is fervent and captivating his adhesion to the fundamental and spiritual verities of Christianity when stripped of what he terms untenable dogma and unprovable thesis.

JOEL BENTON.

¹ "Literature and Dogma," and "God and the Bible."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is one of the assertions of political economy that the earnings of a man are the estimate by the public of the value of his labor. This being true, the extraordinary prices paid to favorite actors and singers become one of the puzzles of social life. How it is that the chance possessor of a fine voice, or of a faculty for portraying human passions, should be rewarded so much more munificently than talent in other professions, is at first sight very strange. We hear of lyric artists receiving a thousand dollars a night, of a favorite tragedian getting six hundred dollars a night through a long winter season, and of popular comedians making five hundred dollars each performance. And these enormous prices are generally paid those artists simply for repeating efforts already familiar to the public. These brilliantly-paid artists rarely appear in new creations or fresh studies, the public seeming to prefer paying them better for repetitions of old performances than for new ventures. No other class of workers is rewarded in this munificent way. The most popular author or writer in the country has a far inferior money estimate to that of many public performers. Most authors, moreover, must continually create and produce afresh in order to keep their hold upon the public at all; and there are many writers recognized as popular who cannot in three months' close application earn so much as some of our comedians do in twice repeating a many-times-acted part. Successful lawyers are liberally paid, but what lawyer could earn five hundred dollars by even once repeating an address to a jury? Upon certain single occasions in the course of a year a great lawyer will earn in a given time more money than the most popular actor does; but these instances are exceptional, while the actor's receipts are nightly. Perhaps in mere measure of time a famous surgeon is sometimes the best paid of men, an operation requiring not more than five or ten minutes being often rewarded by a handsome *honorarium* from the grateful patient; but the most distinguished of our surgeons rank in the matter of regular fees below popular actors.

Compare the prices paid to artists with those paid to performers. A very popular painter can get two or three thousand dollars for a canvas that he has labored on for weeks, if not months; and he must, moreover, if he is to gain an income at all, be continually making new studies and creating fresh compositions. We are all amazed that Mr. Stewart should have paid sixty thousand dollars to Meissonier for one not very large painting; but even this unprecedented price

is not commensurate with the sums earned by the actors and singers. Meissonier gave exhaustless study to this picture; he painted and repainted it, being several years employed upon the task; but Mr. Jefferson can earn as much in a single season by repetitions of *Rip Van Winkle*, and all without expenditure of new power, or of fresh demands upon him for invention or study. In truth, not only are the earnings of performers greatly in excess of those of other arts or professions, but actors labor less. An author, a lawyer, a painter, or a physician, obtains great success only by the severe surrender of all his energies to his profession. He must forego society, deny himself recreation; he is the slave of an inexorable master, and to the end he labors like a galley-slave. On the other hand, the actor, who indisputably has to study severely in the beginning of his career, wins relaxation with his fame. Acting is not by any means a life of idleness; but the successful actor knows little of the intense application that is exacted of the lawyer or the writer. Especially is this true now, when two or three parts suffice a performer for a decade or more.

There seems to be great injustice in all this. How has it come about? It has been said that the multitude honor more and pay better those who amuse than those who instruct them. But there are writers who amuse as well as actors do—and, inasmuch as they reach a larger constituency, the aggregate of amusement they afford is greater. Their earnings, however, are very much less. Adam Smith attempted to explain the reason why ballet-dancers are better paid than other workers by attributing it to the contempt which the public felt for them—the disrepute being compensated for by larger pay. If this were true, the inferior dancer would be the better paid, and the poor actor would have an advantage over Mr. Booth himself. Evidently this explanation will not do. Can any good logical or scientific reason, then, be given for the unjust discrimination we are considering?

It is certain that no reason can be given that will at all content those who smart under the injustice. But it will do no harm to search out and mark the reason, even if the injustice still remains apparent. It is, in truth, not a matter of justice or injustice at all, but simply of certain operations that are practically accidental in their character. Rewards do not depend upon forces expended, but upon results commanded. One book may embody an immense amount of research and labor, and yet find but few purchasers; another book which is the product simply of leisure moments may animate and please a million of readers. The profound learning and logical methods of one lawyer may be

futile before a jury; the easy passion of another may sway every hearer to his purpose—a clear instance of the difference between force expended and the force that commands. It often happens that very simple circumstances will determine the difference of result between two professions of equal character, and even two persons of equal competence. It is one of these simple facts that gives to the public performer such immense pecuniary advantages over other workers. Let us suppose that it costs five hundred dollars a night to put the play of "Hamlet" on the stage, and that the public are responding to the extent of six hundred dollars a night. This is well; but a new actor highly popular with the public appears in the principal part, and at once the receipts of the theatre are swollen from six to twelve hundred dollars a night. This actor commands the public to this large excess over his fellows, and naturally his personal force in the matter exacts that which it brings. This personal force is direct, measurable, immediately profitable; and, if it commands more than the personal force of the author, the artist, the lawyer, or the surgeon, it does so because of certain accidents, conditions, and circumstances, that pertain to the profession. The public do not pay the actor better than other artists because they admire him more, as some suppose, nor pay him better because they respect him less, as Adam Smith asserts; but he is paid better because of peculiar circumstances pertaining to his profession that, so far as he is concerned, are wholly accidental. It so happens that it does not cost more to produce a play or an opera for five hundred people than for a thousand; if any one performer can, by his power of attraction, swell the audience from the lower to the higher number, it is quite obvious that a large proportion of this increase of receipts will come to him. But if an author's personal force increases the sale of his book five hundred copies over that of another work, this additional five hundred involves additional cost of production, and only a small share of the increased receipts can come to him. Here, then, is the natural and very simple reason why an actor is so much better paid than other artists—the conditions pertaining to his profession permit it. The public are so far innocent of any intentional discrimination that they often pay the least to those they respect the most. Their presidents, their governors, their senators, their judges, are all paid less than their actors—not because of distinct intention, but as a result of circumstances such as we have described.

While all these facts seem to show that political economy is not right—that the wages of men depend upon other conditions

than the public estimate of the value of their labor, it must be remembered that, if the rewards of the entire body of actors were taken, the average would probably not be in excess of other classes—might, indeed, very justly indicate the estimate in which the profession, as a whole, is held by the public.

MR. WALT WHITMAN has given us his theory of poetry. It seems to amount pretty much to the vacation of every characteristic that now distinguishes versification from prose. He says, indeed, that, in his opinion, "the time has arrived to essentially break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry." If these barriers are broken down, why should the distinguishing terms be retained? Wherein would be the distinction between these two forms of expression? Mr. Whitman goes on to expound his theory in this wise:

"Poetry is henceforth to win and maintain its character regardless of rhyme, and the measurement-rules of iambic, spondee, dactyl, etc., and that even if rhyme and those measurements continue to furnish the medium for inferior writers and themes (especially for persiflage and the comic, as there seems henceforward, to the perfect taste, something inevitably comic in rhyme, merely in itself, and anyhow), the truest and greatest poetry (while subtly and necessarily always rhythmic, and distinguishable easily enough) can never again, in the English language, be expressed in arbitrary and rhyming metre, any more than the greatest eloquence, or the truest power and passion."

How, we beg to ask, is poetry to be "distinguishable easily enough" from prose after the abandonment of rhyme and "the measurement-rules of iambic, spondee, dactyl, etc.?" It would have to be discerned by the capital letters at the beginning of each line, for absolutely there would be no other guide. Now we assert that the essential quality of poetry—that which makes it poetry as compared with prose—is these "measurement-rules," those conditions that mark it as a metrical structure. The whole distinction between the two methods of writing lies in form. In all things else prose may be at one with poetry; it may exhibit every quality that gives charm to verse—imagination, fancy, imagery, pictures of beauty, felicitous epithets, crystallization, epigrammatic expression—all these are just as available to the prose-writer as to the poet. Prose, moreover, in the expression of great passions or high thoughts, becomes irregularly rhythmic—borrowing on those occasions every function employed by poetry except the simple one of "measurement-rules." We all use the term poetry in a wide sense, and often employ it loosely; but when we are talking of forms of literary composition the name poetry can only rightly be used to describe metrical arrangement; and it is this metrical arrangement—the melody, cadence, harmony of numbers,

recurrence of sounds, that come of rhyme and measurement-rules—that gives to poetry its distinguishing charm. But Mr. Whitman, wofully confounding the whole matter, goes on as follows:

"The muse of the prairies and the peaks of Colorado, dismissing the literary as well as social etiquette of over-sea feudalism and caste, joyfully enlarging, adapting itself to comprehend the size of the whole people, with the free play, emotions, pride, passions, experiences, that belong to them, body and soul—to the general globe, and all its relations in astronomy, as the *savants* portray them to us—to the modern, the busy nineteenth century (as grandly poetic as any, only different), with steamships, railroads, factories, electric telegraphs, cylinder-presses—to the thought of the solidarity of nations, the brotherhood and the sisterhood of the entire earth—to the dignity and heroism of the practical labor of farms, factories, foundries, workshops, mines, or on shipboard, or on lakes and rivers—resumes that other medium of expression, more flexible, more eligible—soars to the freer, vast, diviner heaven of prose."

This is all very well. Let Mr. Whitman by all means "soar to the diviner heaven of prose," but in the name of reason let him try and see that this, so far from "breaking down the barriers of form between prose and poetry," is simply preferring one to the other—which nobody denies him or any other writer the privilege of. But will Mr. Whitman please hereafter print his prose as prose, and not break up his effusions into lines, which, being without "measurement-rules," are necessarily wholly arbitrary and meaningless.

It would appear that on the score of good manners American congressmen have, after all, little to learn from English members of Parliament. A scene occurred at the opening of Parliament by the queen which, it is safe to say, would be impossible on the occasion of such a ceremony in any other country. When the honorable gentlemen of the Commons were summoned into the presence of the sovereign, to listen to the speech "written by her own hand," it might be imagined that they would proceed in an orderly manner, two by two, from their chamber to that of the peers, and would enter the Upper House in a manner befitting the dignity of the most powerful legislative assembly in the world. This much, at least, is customary with our legislators at Washington, on the much less ceremonious occasion of the installation of a new president and vice-president. When, however, the Black Rod had conveyed the queen's summons to the Commons, the noble lords, baronets, knights, colonels, squires, bankers, master-brewers, and rich manufacturers, who mainly compose that body, rushed forth in a disorderly crowd, scrambled through the corridors, effectually mashing each other's hats and shirt-bosoms, and went tumbling into the presence of roy-

ally as if racing for a stray football. The Speaker, who started at their head, quite failed to maintain the staid gait which the moment seemed to demand; and probably thought himself lucky not to lose his wig, and to preserve his gown of state untattered. When at last he reached the assembled grandeur of England, it was with flushed face and exhausted breath.

As for poor Mr. Disraeli, he was even less fortunate than the Speaker. Hustled, jostled, and buffeted by his thoughtless followers, knocked hither and thither, despite his office and his threescore and ten years, he must have heaved a sigh of relief when a lurch left him on the edge of the parliamentary mob, and consoled himself for losing the spectacle in the House of Peers with the reflection that the breath was still left in his body. It was a silent but significant hint of the premier's previous experience of such occasions that, before setting out on his unlucky progress, he had taken care to leave his hat on the ministerial bench of the House of Commons: not a very flattering testimony to the manners of the assembly, over which at other times he holds such facile sway. It seems that this "ugly rush," which always occurs with more or less violence when the queen opens Parliament, and was unusually violent this year, has acquired the sanctity of a fine old British custom; hence the hesitation, astonishing according to our way of thinking, to put a stop to it, and introduce some method and order into this part of the day's proceedings. After such scenes as this, and the wearing of hats in the daily sessions, and the hooting and groaning which seldom fail to greet an unwelcome speaker, it would be becoming in English critics to deal gently with the defective manners of public men of other countries.

ON the 8th of March France starts forth upon a new political career. The newly-elected legislative bodies meet on that day, and for the first time in her history the republic may be said to have a full, fair, and reasonable chance of being securely founded. That this is true becomes evident when we consider that the republic as it now exists, and as it is probably to be established, is the result of a gradual and steady growth of events and of republican ideas in the public mind, and not of a sudden ebullition of popular indignation and excitement. Both in 1789 and in 1848 the republic was suddenly set up, by men inexperienced in affairs of state, with vague and crude and for the most part wholly impracticable ideas, by fanatics like Robespierre and theoretical socialists like Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin. Now the condition of things is very differ-

ent. The leaders of the Republican party of to-day are anything but visionaries, are by no means men with crotchets, who seek to codify abstract propositions. They are for the most part shrewd and prudent statesmen. Some of them, like Thiers and Dufaure, were long ago ministers of state; some, like Gambetta, have gone through a fiery furnace of rough experience, which has taught them the wisdom of caution and toleration; some, like the Duc d'Audiffret and the Duc Decazes, nobles of the *ancien régime*, have given in their adhesion to the republic as the only practicable safeguard from the scandal of imperialism, and their task within the party garrison is to see to it that the republic means law, and order, and peace.

The presence of Marshal MacMahon in the executive chair, Catholic and anti-Republican as he is, is yet an additional guarantee for that form of government; for it is his *role* to maintain tranquillity and enforce patience, while his powers are not such that, even if he were disposed, which his blunt honesty forbids us from supposing, he cannot successfully oppose himself to the will of France. The republic has, undoubtedly, its dangers. These arise mainly from the possibility of strife among its advocates themselves. Happily the radicals are few in either chamber, and the moderate Republicans have, probably, a clear majority both of senators and deputies without their aid. Their position, therefore, is as powerless as that of the Home-Rulers in the British Parliament has turned out to be. The same gradual process which has brought France to the point of settling the fact that the republic is to be the established organism will continue doing the task of giving that organism its constitutional bulwarks and details. There yet remain nearly five years of MacMahon's term, during which the revision of the constitution may be proceeded with, while the president will be powerless to dissolve the Republican Chamber of Deputies without the consent of the Republican Senate. These facts give renewed strength to the hope that France is settling down into that form which gives the largest liberty and the best encouragement to a zealous national spirit.

Books and Authors.

IF correct sentiments, sound logic, and facility of expression, were the main constituents of poetry, Professor John Stuart Blackie's "Songs of Religion and Life" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) would be very good poetry indeed. As it is, one cannot help wondering why a writer who is so thorough a master of prose composition should deliberately take upon him-

self the fetters of verse. For there is no attempt in this book to give voice to feelings which must be expressed poetically or not at all. Professor Blackie is what is called with us a "free religionist;" he despises what he considers the sham of orthodoxy on the one hand, quite as cordially as he resents the arrogance of scientific materialism on the other; and most of his "Songs" consist of evenly distributed denunciation and ridicule of one and the other, interspersed with arguments showing the beauty, adequacy, and nobility of rational Theism. There is a good deal of the sort of feeling which sometimes compels prose to take on a pseudo-lyric strain, and this, probably, is what misled the author into the belief that his inspiration was poetic; but the state of mind which most of them depict almost too clearly is not only not lyrical, but distinctly anti-lyrical—no genuine song ever sprung from these subjective mental processes. The real character of the poems, indeed, is indicated by the author in his preface (which is as poetical as any other portion of the volume), in which he describes them as "having a common object, viz., the cultivation of the religious reverence without sectarian dogmatism, and of poetical sentiment tending not so much to amuse the imagination or to tickle the fancy as to purify the passions and to regulate the conduct of life." Their motive is moral and didactic, not artistic or poetic; and the book is to be classed along with the author's excellent treatise on "Self-Culture," together with which it may be commended to all who are in need of a healthy moral stimulus.

As to the special qualities of the songs, Professor Blackie is happiest when he indulges his vein of semi-humorous, semi-satirical rillery. "Sancte Socrates, Ora Pro Nobis" is spirited and vigorous, if a trifle irreverent; and "A Song of Freemasonry" and "A Revolutionary Ode" prove the author a skillful, fluent, and entertaining versifier, if no more. Among them all, however, there is but one which strikes us as the spontaneous expression of a simple, natural feeling, though even this illustrates the author's characteristically Scotch habit of treating everything argumentatively. Fortunately, it is short enough to quote, and we will let it close our notice:

"PRAYER.

"Why wilt thou pray? why storm with cries
His ear who rides the thundering skies,
And passes wrathful by?
His laws stand firm; He may not hear;
Thy life, thy death, in His career
Are but as steps. He will not hear
Though thou shalt loudly cry!

"Most like, most like! yet the soft tear
Fresh dropped upon the senseless bier
Hath virtue—nor that small.
The sod why dost thou strew with flowers?
The dead man walks not in thy bowers,
He will not rise to sorrow's showery,
Nor feel when soft flowers fall;

"And yet thou weep'st. Much more mayst thou
Pay to the living God thy vow,
And pour the heart-felt prayer.
Deft Logic is but Reason's tool,
Reason a child in Nature's school;
We may not joy nor grieve by rule,
Nor syllogize a prayer."

THE facility of the trained and practised journalist is evident in all Mr. Justin McCarthy's work—in his novels not less than in his biographical sketches, social essays, lectures, leading articles, and the various other productions of his versatile and prolific pen. "Dear Lady Disdain" (New York: Sheldon & Co.) is a good illustration of this facility. It is a well-constructed, well-written, plausible, and interesting story, with a certain "go" and vigor which make it easy to read, and which lead us to believe that the author is really in earnest; but, after all, it is plain that little pains have been bestowed upon it, and that it might easily have been made much better. The three or four leading characters are skillfully and vividly drawn, especially Dear Lady Disdain, though, if the title is intended to indicate that the young lady so named parallels Shakespeare's *Beatrice*, it must be set down as one of the author's amiable illusions. The portrait of Sir John Challoner is a masterpiece in its way, painted from the life, probably, and quite worthy of study; and those of Pembroke and Vigal, the rival suitors, are inferior only because they are composed of simpler elements. It is chiefly because these are so good that we resent the vulgar and barefaced caricatures and theatric posturedummies who make up the remaining *dramatis personæ*. When an author offers us his best, we can take it for what it is worth, and credit him at least with good intentions; but what excuse has an author who can draw Sir John Challoner, for offering us such harlequin creatures as Natty Cramp and Mrs. Seagraves? We are not finding fault with the primary conception of these characters, which is good and worth elaborating, but with the patent fact that Mr. McCarthy has turned them out in their present crude state, partly to save himself trouble, and partly, perhaps, with the cynical feeling that to do his best was not worth while. There is only too much evidence, indeed, that "Dear Lady Disdain" was produced as so much "copy," not as the fruit of a genuine artistic impulse; and yet we should mislead many readers, doubtless, if we did not concede that, in spite of the defects we have pointed out, it is a highly-interesting and readable novel.

WE do not see in what respect Mr. Doyle's "History of the United States"¹ falls short of that verdict of "foreign nations and the next ages" upon whose truth and impartiality Bacon so confidently relied. Being designed for students, it is little more than a compendium, and can do no more than prepare the mind for a full and adequate history; but, with this limitation, which is inherent in its very plan, it would be difficult to find fault either with the scope of the author's information or with the character of his tests, while the structure of the book, its style, and, above all, its tone and temper, leave nothing to be desired. At this time, when we are celebrating the centenary of our birth as a nation, it is especially interesting to see what a cultivated foreigner,

who is a sympathetic and interested observer, but who is entirely exempt from those prepossessions, prejudices, and personal or party influences from which it is impossible for an American wholly to free himself, thinks of our career, of our achievements, and of our prospects. From this point of view Mr. Doyle's book has a unique and peculiar value, though its substantial merit as an historical compend would have secured recognition under any circumstances. And doubtless it will not abate the ardor of our patriotism to find that in thus "seeing ourselves as others see us" we are contemplating a picture which, in spite of occasional blurs and blotches, is full of encouragement for all believers in human progress.

In addition to the pains bestowed upon it by Mr. Doyle and its general supervision by Mr. Freeman, the book has had the benefit of a revision by Professor Francis A. Walker, who, besides correcting a few errors as to dates and facts into which the author had fallen, has added four maps illustrating the acquisition of territory and the increase and distribution of population.

In his "Bible Word-Book" (New York: Harper & Brothers) Professor Wm. Swinton makes an effort to familiarize "plain readers who do not possess any special philological training" with some of the more important results of modern researches into the vocabulary of the Scriptures. In the course of the two hundred and sixty-five years that have elapsed since the present version of the English Bible was made, many words used by the translators have become obsolete, and others have come to be used in a different sense from that in which they were originally employed; and, of course, the passages in which they occur are liable to be misapprehended entirely, or to have their meaning only partially and vaguely understood. Professor Swinton has made a glossary of such words, and explains them by defining those which are obsolete, and giving the Bible sense of those which have undergone transformations of meaning. The Scripture significance of important words is further illustrated by the citation of passages from old English writers, where they are used in the same sense as in our version of the Bible. The book is suggestive even to the casual reader, and in Sunday-schools, for whose use it is specifically intended, it will doubtless introduce Bible-classes to an interesting and valuable as well as novel study.

No book not belonging to the ethnic scriptures, or sacred books of the race, has passed through so many editions, or been translated into so many tongues, or won for itself a position so unquestioned, as the "De Imitatione Christi" of Thomas à Kempis. It has long since reached the point where criticism and comment are alike superfluous; and of a new edition nothing remains to be said, except as to its externals—the paper, printing, binding, etc. The edition just published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York) leaves nothing to be desired in these respects, and has the additional attraction of an introduction by the Rev. F. W. Farrar,

D. D., whose "Life of Christ" has attained such a striking success both in England and America. The introduction contains a brief history of the book, a statement of the probabilities as to its authorship—the dispute about which "has filled a hundred volumes and is still so undecided that the voice of the sweetest and humblest of books has come to us mingled, for the last two and a half centuries, with one of the most bitter and arrogant of literary controversies"—and a general exposition of its main features, all of which the unlearned reader will find useful.

AFTER an interval so long that we supposed the series had been completed or discontinued, a new volume has been added to the "Illustrated Library of Wonders" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.). The "Wonders of Engraving," by George Duplessis, is, like the previous volumes of the series, written by a specialist, but in a popular, untechnical style, adapted for general reading. It gives a reasonably complete, trustworthy, and readable account of the origin of the art of engraving, of the different national schools and their leading representatives, and of their most famous productions. Separate chapters are devoted to Italy, Spain, the Low Countries, Germany, England, and France; and a concluding chapter contains brief but lucid explanations of the different processes employed by engravers. The illustrations, thirty-four in number, are all good, and a few remarkably so—in particular the copies on wood after etchings.

FEW famous authors have been so successful in maintaining the privacy of their personal lives as George Eliot, but the last number of the London *World* contains a slight sketch of her, which will doubtless prove interesting to her American admirers: "A slight presence, of middle height, as the height of woman goes; a face somewhat long, whose every feature tells of intellectual power, lightened by the perpetual play of changing expression; a voice of most sympathetic compass and richness; a manner full of a grave sweetness, uniformly gentle and intensely womanly, which proclaims the depth of the interest taken in ordinary and obscure things and people; conversation which lends itself as readily to topics trivial as to topics profound, and which is full of a humor—as, indeed, are her writings—that is redeemed from sarcasm by its ever-present sympathy: such is a rough and imperfect sketch of George Eliot, as she may be seen when she is occupied with her Sunday receptions in her pleasant home near Regent's Park. Far from strong in health, she feels the effort of authorship so severely, the interest which she takes in the development and the destiny of the creations of her brain, who might be better described as the generalizations from her own personal knowledge and experience, is so painfully and absorbingly deep, that she is unequal to the task of going very generally or very much into society. So thoroughly does she think out her books, even to the structure of her sentences, before she commences to write them, that, unlike Dickens, though like Thackeray, her manuscript displays scarcely an erasure or a blot."

In a suggestive article on "Modern English Prose" in the current *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. George Saintsbury draws the following distinction between the prose writing of the last century and that of to-day: "If, then, we take up almost

¹ History of the United States. By J. A. Doyle. With Illustrative Maps by Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

any book of the last century, we shall find that within varying limits the effort of which I have just spoken is distinctly present. The model upon which the writer frames his style may be and probably is faulty in itself, and still more probably is faultily copied; there may be too much Addison in the mixture, or too much Johnson; but still we shall see that an honest attempt at style, an honest endeavor at manner as apart from matter, has been made, however clumsy the attempt may be, and however short of success it may fall. But if we take up any book of the last forty or fifty years, save a very few, the first thing that will strike us is the total absence of any attempt or endeavor of the kind. The matter will, as a rule, have been more or less carefully attended to, and will be presented to the reader with varying degrees of clearness and precision. But the manner, except in so far as certain peculiarities of manner may be conducive or prejudicial to clearness and precision of statement—sometimes perhaps to apparent precision with any sacrifice of clearness—will in most cases be found to have been totally neglected, if a thing may be said to be neglected which does not appear to have even presented itself within the circumference of the field of view. In other words, and to adopt a convenient distinction, though there may be a difference of manner, there is usually no difference of style, for there is no style at all."

COMMENTING on the death of Mr. John Forster, the *Spectator* says of him: "He was a careful and an eminently sensible writer, who knew how to make biography thoroughly readable, though he could hardly command the delicate touch of the highest literary art. His 'Life of Goldsmith' is a fascinating book, and yet not all that such a subject, treated by one saturated with the love of Goldsmith's genius, might have made it. The higher biography requires for its perfection at least a few threads of poetic feeling, and this, with all his abilities, was apparently wanting in Mr. Forster, who knew well, however, when he could not portray his subjects to his own satisfaction, how to let his subjects portray themselves."

A BOOK of much interest to Americans is announced to appear in London during the coming midsummer. It will be a reprint of the first three English books on America, in a single large volume, edited by Mr. Edward Arber, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of careful and thorough work.

The Arts.

A SMALL but very valuable private collection of Chinese and Japanese curiosities has recently been placed at Cottier's (Fifth Avenue) for sale. They are known as the Heard Collection, and comprise, as their most important feature, a variety of jade-stone carvings, which consist of large cylinders ten or twelve inches high and nearly as many in diameter, paper-weights, and bowls, besides other designs. In addition to these, water-crystals, in the shape of polished balls, carved images, and smaller forms of this beautiful and costly material, add to the attractions. Several lovely bits of lapis lazuli, elaborately carved into the shapes of Chinese monsters, and wonderfully-splendid agates, are also in the collection. Besides these stone ornaments, which are almost fabulously valuable from the natural preciousness of the stone, but more particularly from the

human skill bestowed in their fashioning, the collection contains superb ancient enameled copper vases, and screens, and porcelain bowls of the time of the Ming dynasty, four hundred years ago, besides exquisite lacquers and carved ivory. To amateurs the list of the articles attests their value, but the uninitiated could hardly realize from their appearance how much one of these little ornaments represents. The most imposing bit of all, perhaps, is a dull-green jade-stone cylinder, less than a foot high, which is covered with carved forms of trees, men, and animals. We have seen one somewhat similar to this, which was of so hard a stone that a Chinaman spent thirty years of his life in cutting and polishing it. This piece at Cottier's came from the Summer Palace of the Emperor of China, and is valued at three thousand dollars.

The prettiest thing in the collection to our fancy forms part of an inkstand. It is a little sea-green hand about three inches long. This hand has a multitude of fingers, some long, some short. The short ones curl under the palm and are half hidden by their brother fingers. Exquisitely wrought, and polished perfectly into each dint and crevice, as if the maker found it impossible to lavish too much of his life and love upon it, this many-powered form represents the hand of Buddha. It is meant for a paper-weight, but, though it be, the sight of this wonderfully-wrought symbol of the divine providence of a strange religion struck a sympathizing chord in us, so that we recognized in it a conception of infinite power similar to that of our own faith, and the little toy brought the religious heart of the Chinese nearer to us than the sight of any of their strange idols. A spiritual idea was embodied in it in a very simple way; but we wondered how it could be that in this ancient nation religion itself could have so run to seed that its symbols had become toys for its own people.

Besides this mystical little hand, that seemed fit to be worn as an amulet, or which might have some hidden charm more potent than that which is attached to amber or to the *peau de chagrin* to influence the fate of its owner, this lovely inkstand contained six or eight more curious forms. Another piece of jade-stone, duller and darker than the little hand, was carved into the shape of a deeply-serrated leaf, and on one of the ribs or edges that formed it a strange, queer grasshopper or locust was clinging.

The sight of the worked pillars and ornaments in some of the European cathedrals recalls by its prodigality the labor of the Chinaman. Ruskin has been regarded as the authority on conscientious work, but even he says, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture:" "The work of man cannot be carelessly and idly bestowed, without an immediate sense of wrong." We in this country do not seem likely soon to bestow too much time on anything, except, indeed, we are many of us, like the rest of mankind, Penelopes, who spin and unspin, or work for vain objects. But, taking our own machine-wrought furniture and fabrics, and considering them beside the lace-like front of the cathedral of Strasburg, and afterward thinking of the signs of the

surplus labor in the population of the Chinese Empire, we question ourselves whether, after all, the Germans who built their great cathedrals were not more unwisely on the track of Chinese ideas than we Americans are unwise in pursuing a track different from our European progenitors. Time may and probably will fill up this country with inhabitants as multitudinous as the Chinese, but, rough as is our own generation, we can be thankful that no human being here is compelled to spend thirty years in distilling the essence of his thought and life to crystallize it upon a bit of stone.

By most persons the beauty of water-crystal is unrecognized, but here at Cottier's a jar of this heavy, transparent substance is described to the visitor in its points of excellence. Not quite so bright as glass, it is much heavier, and is of excessively hard substance. Holding it against the light a slight suggestion of stratification often appears, and the irregular surface of texture of old English or old German glass often causes it.

The jar to which we refer rests upon a carved ebony stand, and is about eight inches tall. Two handles in the form of elephants' heads are carved from the one piece of crystal, and through the proboscis, which is curled against the side of the jar, swings a ring on either side. These rings are round, about the thickness of a lead-pencil, and are brightly polished like the rest of the crystal, of which they form a piece. The outside of the jar is most elaborately carved with bass-reliefs of willow-trees, with moths or butterflies hovering about them.

A smoked crystal of great value forms a manly image of a Chinese idol, and, hard as is the material, the eyelids, the lips, and the wrinkles on the forehead, are as elaborately chiseled as if made of wax.

To amateurs perhaps the gem of the collection is a *cloisonné* enamel screen, set in a carved ebony frame. It is about three feet high, and half as broad, and is prized as the best thing of its kind in America. Judging from the price, four thousand dollars, it should be very valuable. The design is of a group of men of Chinese mythology. An old man, in a garden which seems to meet and be mingled with the clouds, is led, by a person younger than himself, toward two other persons—a youth and a full-grown man—who bring him refreshments. Above these figures, in the air, the blue heavens are written over by Chinese lettering. All the tints of this piece of copper enamel are beautiful and tender, and form a palette of colors of great interest, which make it lovely to look upon, even if one gives no heed to the picture which covers it or to its curious value. Bronzes are here, ancient and modern; and storks, beneath whose wings are openings for incense; strange monsters with diabolical heads, made during extinct dynasties centuries past, stand side by side with the silver-inlaid bronze vases of our own day.

An ancient bronze elephant supports upon his back a round crystal ball two inches through, as polished as a diamond, and transparent as water. Another of these lit-

the balls rests upon his head, and his heavy ears flop reflected in this lovely mirror. Very rare and very tall porcelain jars, covered with lacquer, form a portion of these interesting curiosities. The lacquer is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with pink shell, and every brilliant tint of the rainbow shines against the black background.

The articles we have mentioned form but a small part of this collection; and rose-crystals, watered green and purple jade bowls, satins as soft in color as the summer skies, against which branches of roses blush, embroidered in profuse luxury, and ivory stands holding the stone gems of labor, open a long vista to the thoughtful beholder of what represents both a feature of the toil and the luxury of the earth.

AMONG the artists whose works are bringing them into notice, F. Hopkinson Smith and Walter Satterlee are quite prominent. The former belongs much to the same set of landscapists as Bellows, Durand, and, in certain respects, Bristol and Whittredge—painters who represent American scenes of cheerful vegetation, usually under bright skies; and it is Nature in her healthy and inspiring moods, not in her frowning or morbid ones, that all these painters delight to depict. Mr. Smith is succeeding very well in water-colors, a branch that neither of the other men we have named, excepting Bellows, has affected much; and in the recent Water-Color Collection at the Academy, if the eye rested upon a clear brook, whose clean, amber-colored bed reflected green forest-trees that nodded above it; or if the visitor espied some rustic bridge that connected the two sides of a country village, with gray-white church-steeple and gable-roofed houses glimmering through thick foliage; or where a couple of lovers reposed upon a bank thick grown with wild-flowers—it was quite probable that each of them was painted by this artist. Our American forests even yet come almost to our doors, and one has to walk but a short distance from the ferries in Staten Island, or to climb slight eminences on the farther banks of the Hudson, to find the yellow birch, with its rough, curling bark, chestnut-trees growing untouched and unguarded by man; and, though the "first growth" of trees has been cut down, the second is wellnigh taking its place, and dells of the deepest seclusion are hemmed in by such trees as one finds at the Adirondacks or in the woods of Maine. Mr. Smith's paintings are all of a fresh and summer-like character; and, though the arrangement of his compositions is sometimes a little formal, the detailed objects are well handled; and, whether it be rocks, water, or woodland glades, all indicate a very genuine love of Nature, and that a hard and enthusiastic student is diligently seeking to transcribe her moods.

The pictures of Mr. Walter Satterlee have attracted attention for at least two or three seasons. After his return from Europe richly-costumed men and women, in shaded porches, by decayed walls, or in dusky chambers, recalled the models of Southern Europe and the pictures of some of the French painters to our mind. Rich color seemed to be Mr. Satterlee's forte, and we were there-

fore surprised to see that his recent work appears to have been carried on upon a much different plan. The story expressively told by gesture and by the action of the figures in the picture seems to have engrossed Mr. Satterlee's chief attention, while in the generality of cases his color has lost its positiveness, and merely comes in as an accessory to the outlines of the drawing. We confess that we have a great deal of sympathy with the imagination of a man which at one time brings one set of ideas and at another a different one before his attention, as supremely worth striving for; and, although painters usually settle down after a while to depicting those things they like best, escapades of this kind tend, we think, to broaden an artist's scope, and to bring several instead of a single strong quality into his work.

Mr. Satterlee's pictures at the Water-Color Exhibition were all of this character; and children playing in a tree, on the boughs of which they have ensconced themselves, a young man talking to a young woman by a fountain, and others of his pictures there, all bore the same character of action and expressive position.

"MR. TOM TAYLOR's play of 'Anne Boleyn,'" writes our London correspondent, "was produced to an audience which had strong claim to be considered one of the most noteworthy ever assembled within the walls of the Haymarket Theatre. The stalls were filled with a brilliant array of critics, composed of every leading newspaper-man in London; while in the less conspicuous parts of the auditorium might have been seen the faces of those who have gained fame on the stage, in the arts, and in the best-known paths of literature. Altogether, Mr. Tom Taylor may, at least, heartily congratulate himself on the quality of the audience to which his play was first presented, whatever may be thought of the degree of favor with which it was received. At present, it is very difficult to say whether 'Anne Boleyn' can be considered a success. As far as the accessories of the piece are concerned, in point of magnificence of costume, highly-studied scenery, effectiveness of portraiture, and well-finished acting, the play approaches very near to perfection; but, whether it will find a place in the enduring catalogue of classical English plays as a poetical drama of the first rank, is a point which requires very careful thinking over. It is not without passages of considerable poetic fire, and in parts of it the dialogue is marked by consummate skill in the mastery of language; its author, moreover, has evidently given close attention to historic detail—at least, so far as was consistent with the production of a play obviously written to create public sympathy for an idol of the author's own creating; but, considered as a whole, 'Anne Boleyn' 'drags,' and to say of a play that it drags is tantamount to saying of it that it lacks in the very first essentials of a play's complete success—power of creating sudden and lasting impression on the minds of those who see it acted for the first time."

MR. STOVER, a landscape-painter whose pictures have occasionally appeared in the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, has recently finished several cabinet-canvases which show more refinement of tone and a higher aim in art than anything that he has heretofore done. One of the views represents a "Sunrise at Marlboro'-on-the-Hudson." In the foreground there is a grove of cedars in shadow, but with the

early morning light just gilding, as it were, their topmost branches. In the middle-ground the smoke from the chimney of a farmhouse rises above the trees, and here, too, the shadows of the hills are felt, but beyond the landscape is aglow with the soft and mellow gray-toned sunlight of early morning. The transition from the dark shadows of the foreground to the sunlit distance is somewhat abrupt, but the subject is so well kept together that there is no apparent lack of harmony in the illustration, and its expression of sentiment is charming. One of the most attractive pictures from this artist's easel that we have seen, aside from the picture mentioned above, is an afternoon landscape view drawn on the south shore of Long Island overlooking the ocean. The landscape shows the fresh verdure of early summer, with broad stretches of forest and clearing. Mr. Stover's early pictures were all painted in a low tone, and showed generally great artistic skill, yet they failed, we think, to be fully understood by connoisseurs. His present style of treatment is lighter and more graceful, and will be appreciated.

JOHN B. WHITTAKER, the well-known portrait and figure painter of Brooklyn, is painting a portrait of William Cullen Bryant. Mr. Bryant, it is said, has been painted by more than thirty artists. Some have produced good likenesses, but very few have succeeded in securing a suggestion even of the intellectual power of the man whose name, like that of Irving, is as familiar as a household word wherever the English language is spoken. It is impossible to name at this moment all of the famous artists who have painted Mr. Bryant, but among the number who were given sittings are the late Mr. Elliott, Baker, Le Clear, Page, and the late Henry Antonio Wenzler, and of these all were more or less successful. Mr. Whittaker, the latest candidate for fame in this respect, is favored with sittings once a week, and from the advantage thus obtained ought to produce a good picture. Mr. Whittaker has already made a good start with his work. The head is drawn partly in profile, but not so much so as to destroy the usual serenity of the face, which is so strikingly suggestive of Mr. Bryant's character. This view of the head was selected by the artist for the purpose of illustrating his great mental power. The likeness is already secured, and, fortunately for posterity, and unlike some other portraits of Mr. Bryant, he is neither represented as asleep, nor with an unmeaning leer on his face, but simply as if seated in his editorial study, his countenance lighted up with a pleasant expression, as if conversing with some valued friend.

From Abroad.

PARIS, February 8, 1876.

THE first representation of "Madame Calverlet," the new comedy by Emile Augier, at the Vaudeville, has created a profound sensation, due less perhaps to the intrinsic merits of this fine play than to the actuality of its subject. Originally entitled "Divorce," it is a powerful though indirect argument in favor of such alteration in the matrimonial laws of France as would set free those couples to whom the conjugal chain has become an intolerable and galling fetter. The characters and incidents of the piece are evidently borrowed from the late De Bouffremont case, wherein a virtuous, high-born, and high-bred lady, irreproachable in her relations as wife and mother, the Princess de Bouffremont only obtained a separation from a brutal and shameless spouse after long years of litigation.

It may be remembered that the princess, who is a Belgian by birth, afterward obtained a divorce in Saxony, and there espoused the Prince George Bibesco according to the rites of the Greek Church. Immediately M. de Bouffremont, the least of whose evil deeds was conjugal infidelity of the most glaring type, instituted a suit against the princess to recover the custody of his children, and also (ah! there's the rub) to obtain the confiscation in his favor of such portion of her immense wealth as happens to be invested in France. Being based on the facts and incidents of this case, the new play gained thereby an increased interest, and attracted even more attention than it would naturally have obtained as the work of one of the three greatest of the present contributors to the French stage, for only Alexandre Dumas and Octave Feuillet, among the Parisian dramatists of the day, can compete with Augier in literary standing.

The story of "Madame Calverlet" is extremely simple. *M. and Madame Calverlet*, a middle-aged pair, fondly attached to each other and to the two children of the lady by the husband from whom she is supposed to be divorced, have dwelt for fifteen years in peace and tranquil happiness on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The calm of their existence is first troubled by the advent of a suitor for the hand of *Fanny Merson*, the daughter of *Madame Calverlet*. To the father of this suitor *M. Calverlet* feels himself bound in honor to reveal the sad truth; as *M. Merson* is a Frenchman, his wife has never been divorced, and consequently is unable to remarry. With a thousand protestations of sympathy and of friendship, the gentleman disappears, without, however, demanding the hand of *Fanny* for his son. In the midst of the sorrow and dismay occasioned by this incident, the husband presents himself. He has learned that his wife, by the death of an old aunt, has inherited an immense fortune, and he comes to request her to return to him. In case she refuses, he will threaten to take her children from her. Wild with anguish, the unhappy lady dreams of flight—of suicide—when the Gordian knot is cut by the young lover of *Fanny*, who alone sees a way out of this imbroglio. By purchasing a certain amount of property in Switzerland, *M. Merson* can become a naturalized Swiss citizen, and so entitled to a divorce, and he consents to this arrangement on condition that his wife will make over to him one-half of her newly-acquired fortune. This is done—*Madame Merson* becomes *Madame Calverlet* in reality, the obstacle to *Fanny's* marriage is removed, and all ends happily and well. This outline of the plot gives, however, no idea of the two principal characters, namely, *M. and Madame Calverlet*, superbly personated by Lafontaine and Madame Rousset. The scene where *M. Calverlet* defends himself against the accusations of young *Henri Merson*, his adopted and beloved son, is one of the finest in the modern French drama, and Lafontaine performs it with a calm dignity and elevation of tone that leave nothing to be desired. How could the Comédie Française ever suffer this great actor to depart? And, while beholding him, it is pleasant to realize (a pleasure, alas! but seldom enjoyed while looking at a French actor) that his private life is but an embodiment of the noble thoughts and sentiments that he expresses so well.

"Madame Calverlet" is almost the only play that Augier has ever brought out without having a difficulty with the censure. His quarrels with "Anastasie" (the slang name for that troublesome institution) have become celebrated. It was only by the intervention of Prince Napoleon that his "Joueur de Flute" was represented at the Comédie Française, and, the piece happening to displease the empress, it was speedily with-

drawn. To console the author Prince Napoleon caused it to be played at several of the renowned *soirées* at his Pompeian palace. Mirès cried, at the first representation of "Les Efrontés," "It is such pieces as this that overturn governments!" To obtain permission to have his "Fils de Giboyer" represented, *M. Augier* was forced to make a personal appeal to the emperor. But the oddest of "Anastasie's" objections and suggestions were called forth by his comedy entitled "Les Lionnes Pauvres," in which the wicked heroine goes off at the end triumphant. This *dénouement* was declared immoral by the censor, who called upon *M. Augier* to change his catastrophe. This the dramatist declined to do, on the ground that the whole construction of the piece demanded the *dénouement* as he had framed it. At last the censor had a bright idea. "Could you not make your heroine have the small-pox between the fourth and fifth acts?" was the suggestion. This idea of poetical and moral retribution was not, I believe, carried out, and the comedy was finally represented according to the dramatist's original idea.

M. Augier is living at present at Croissy, one of those suburban villages on the bank of the Seine so dear to Parisians in general who are much less fond of dwelling in Paris than are foreigners. He is said to be a popular, pleasant, and kindly-hearted gentleman. "In Paris," quoth the *Figaro*, "Augier is styled a great man, at Croissy they call him a good fellow." Oddly enough, the week that saw him achieve so great a success at the Vaudeville saw him sustain a comparative defeat at the Palais Royal, with a piece entitled "Le Prix Martin," written in collaboration with Labiche. And odder still, the cause of its failure is said to have been the gross and cynical immorality of the plot.

An amusing anecdote of the Franco-Prussian War was recently related to me at the house of a prominent member of the American colony here. The brilliant and genial gentleman who was our host happened to take a trip to Frankfurt just after the close of the war. Being as full of mischief as a six-months-old kitten, he gravely walked into one of the large *bric-à-brac* shops wherewith that city abounds, and inquired if the proprietor could tell him where he could buy a French clock, as he wished to purchase one. The German looked up, and, doubtless taking his would-be customer for a Frenchman, as he is tall and dark, and speaks French to perfection, he made answer quickly: "No, I cannot tell you where you can find any French clocks, but there is one article which you will find in Frankfurt, and that is, any quantity of French colors."

This same American gentleman was one day called upon by a French countess, who desired to see his splendid collection of paintings. After passing in review the noblest works of Zamacois, Fortuny, Meissonier, etc., the lady paused before a picture by Heilbuth. "And pray who painted this?" she queried. "M. Heilbuth, a German artist," was the reply. Straightway she turned her back upon the picture. "The Germans are a nation of thieves, and I detest them!" she cried. Mine host said no more upon the subject, but quietly directed her attention to something else. Finally, in the course of her investigations, the lady came across a superb Chinese robe of embroidered satin, so hung against the wall as fully to display the beauty of the design and the richness of the embroidery. "Magnificent! splendid!" she cried. "What is this gorgeous garment?" "That," quoth M. X—, very gravely, "is one of the state-ropes of the Emperor of China, stolen by Count Palikao at the sacking of the Summer Palace, brought by him to Paris, and sold at the Hôtel Drouot, where I

purchased it; and the only thing I regret is that there was not a battalion or two of Prussian soldiers with the French army at that time, as they might have stolen some Chinese clocks, and I desire above all things to possess a Chinese clock." The lady turned and made him a low reverence with all the grace of the *ancien régime*. "Sir," she replied, "you have your revenge." Now, the gentleman's account of the source from which he had procured the imperial robe was no joke—it was simply and perfectly accurate. It is a notorious fact that the empress possessed in the Tuileries a Chinese boudoir, completely fitted up with the spoils of the Summer Palace, presented to her by the officers who had assisted in sacking it. Among the rich robes belonging to the Emperor of China, which were afterward sold by Count Palikao at the Hôtel Drouot, was the priceless coronation-mantle lined with the fur of the silver fox. What if the Germans had sacked the Tuileries, carried off Napoleon's wardrobe, and sold his emerald-lined state-mantle at auction? There would have been some talk about the matter, I trow, not only in Paris, but throughout the civilized world.

The first series of the "Memoirs of Laferrière" has just been published. From this curious collection of anecdotes and reminiscences I select the following account of one of the most successful personations of a real character upon the mimic stage—the representation of Napoleon the Great by an actor named Gobert, in a piece entitled "Schönbrunn and St. Helena."

"I cannot relate here all that has been written respecting the famous Gobert, who gave to the public every evening a singularly striking photograph of Napoleon; it is well known that this creation made the actor famous, and was at the same time his robe of Nessus.

"Gobert had profited by minute lessons from Constant, the former *valet de chambre* of Napoleon, who had initiated him, it is said, in all that could physically recall the great man.

"The evening of the first representation, before the rising of the curtain, the artists were awaiting on the stage the arrival of the Emperor Gobert. Curiosity was at its highest pitch. It is well known that for military scenes the theatres are accustomed to borrow their supernumeraries from the army. One hundred and fifty veterans were to represent the review of the Imperial Guard at Schönbrunn, and they were already drawn up in line.

"Gobert appeared. A unanimous acclamation greeted him. Assured of the exactness of his personation, Gobert signed to one of the soldiers to approach, and, with an incredible expression of realism, he said:

"Well, *mon brave*, do you recognize your emperor?"

"The veteran presented arms, and cried with emotion:

"Oh, yes, sire, it is you—it is really you!"

"My test has succeeded," said Gobert; "you can ring up the curtain."

"The curtain rose, the guard was drawn up in line, and the drums were beaten, and the emperor entered. It was not Gobert—the audience beheld Napoleon. The cry of 'Vive l'empereur!' was uttered frantically by the spectators. The enthusiasm was indescribable.

"In a box on the second tier opposite the stage sat Mademoiselle Georges. She was weeping bitterly.

"Another personage obtained a great success in a contrary sense: it was Provost, who represented Sir Hudson Lowe. He was so incarnated in the dry, cold, and sour image of the emperor's tormentor that all his talent was imputed to him as a crime by the audience, who took the whole affair seriously. Every evening after the performance, Provost, after having been hissed and hooted on the stage, was still pursued by the invectives of the crowd, and was forced to protect himself against insult. Once, when seated with us at a table at the Café de la Porte St.-Martin, he was obliged to submit to one of those insults that were in themselves a eulogy. Three persons, placed at a table next to ours, recognized the Hudson Lowe of the play, and called to the waiter:

"Take our cups away from there."

"And they cast an unequivocal glance of detestation at Provost, who said to us, laughing: 'Gentlemen, that only was wanting to perfect my success.'"

"A short time after he entered the Comédie Française he died a *sociétaire*, leaving a gap that has not yet been filled."

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

TYNDALL ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

I.

IF there was anything in the famous Belfast address by Professor Tyndall to justify the conclusion that its distinguished author's pronounced faith in the "potency of matter" meant nothing less than his acceptance of the theory of spontaneous generation, his lecture before the Royal Society will serve to correct this impression, since in no ambiguous terms does he renounce the theory and challenge the facts upon which it is based. The subject of the lecture referred to was "The Optical Department of the Atmosphere in Reference to the Phenomena of Putrefaction and Infection," and in it the author not only attempts to fortify his views regarding the germ-theory of disease, but also "to free his mind, and, if possible, the minds of others, from the uncertainty and confusion which now beset the doctrine of spontaneous generation." Those familiar with Professor Tyndall's concise style of expression and exhaustive methods of research will comprehend the difficulty of condensing the one or curtailing the record of the other. In attempting an abstract of this paper, we are therefore compelled to limit the work to a general presentation of the author's conclusions, with but a brief reference to the line of experiment by which he justifies them.

That there may be no misapprehension as to Professor Tyndall's opinion regarding the claims of Bastian and the abiogenists, we select the following passage from the address, which was, however, preceded by a record of experiments so full and convincing that the conclusion appears the simple summing up of a case already proved. He says:

"Suppose a vessel (say a flower-pot) to be at hand filled with nutritious earth, with which we mix our unknown particles; and that, in forty-eight hours subsequently, buds and blades of well-defined cresses and grasses appear above the soil. Suppose the experiment, when repeated over and over again, to yield the same unvarying result. What would be our conclusion? Should we regard those living plants as the products of dead dust or mineral particles, or should we regard them as the offspring of living seeds? The reply is unavoidable. We should undoubtedly consider the experiment with the flower-pot as clearing up our preëxisting ignorance; we should regard the fact of their producing cresses and grasses as proof positive that the particles sown in the earth of the pot were the seeds of the plants which have grown from them. It would be simply monstrous to conclude that they had been 'spontaneously generated.'"

"This reasoning applies word for word to the development of *Bacteria* from that floating matter which the electric beam reveals in the air, and in the absence of which no bacterial

life has been generated. There seems no flaw in this reasoning; and it is so simple as to render it unlikely that the notion of bacterial life developed from dead dust can ever gain currency among the members of a great scientific profession."

The better to comprehend the value and also the ingenuity of Professor Tyndall's experiments, a brief description of the usual methods adopted by the believers in "spontaneous generation" may be given. Carefully prepared infusions of vegetable or animal tissues are placed in flasks, the necks of which are drawn out and narrowed in a blow-pipe flame. The liquid is then boiled, and when in a state of ebullition the vessel is sealed and placed where it may be kept warm. After a variable time, according to the testimony of Bastian, these hermetically-sealed flasks swarm more or less plentifully with *Bacteria* and allied organisms. Assuming that the heat was sufficient to destroy all living germs within the liquid, the conclusion seems just, that spontaneous generation of life must have taken place in the flask. Unfortunately for the general acceptance of these views, it happens that other experimenters have failed to obtain like results, though adhering to the method here described. Among those who have thus failed was Professor Tyndall himself; and so complete was his failure that the record of it forms an interesting addition to the many examples already rendered of cases where not only doctors disagree as to theories, but as to fact also. These conflicting results are also of interest, as the record of them is coupled with a description of the substances used, which list, as will be seen, includes about all that is in "the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters underneath the earth," and yet the failures seemed to have been as numerous as the experiments that resulted in them. Previous to his reading the statement of Dr. Bastian, referred to above, Professor Tyndall states that "he had operated on tubes of hay and turnip infusions, and upon twenty-one tubes of beef, mackerel, eel, oyster, oatmeal, malt, and potato, hermetically sealed while boiling, not by the blow-pipe, but by the far more handy spirit-lamp flame. In no case was any appearance whatever of *Bacteria* or allied organisms observed. The perusal of the discussion just referred to caused the author to turn again to muscle, liver, and kidney, with a view of varying and multiplying the evidence. Fowl, pheasant, snipe, partridge, plover, wild-duck, beef, mutton, heart, tongue, lungs, brains, sweetbread, tripe, the crystalline lens, and vitreous humor of an ox, herring, haddock, mullet, codfish, sole, were all embraced in the experiments. There was neither mistake nor ambiguity about the result. One hundred and thirty-nine of the flasks operated on were exhibited, and not one of this cloud of witnesses offers the least countenance to the assertion that liquids within flasks, boiled and hermetically sealed, swarm, subsequently, more or less plentifully with *Bacteria* and allied organisms."

In view of these repeated failures to confirm the experiments made by his opponent, it is natural that the author should have his

faith somewhat shaken, and it will be agreed that he states the case very mildly when he adds, by way of apology for their errors, that "to err is human, and in an inquiry so difficult and fraught with such momentous issues it is not error, but the persistence in error by any of us for dialectic ends, that is to be deprecated." Let it not be understood that the advocates of the theory attempt no defense against these conflicting results and failures to confirm their own tests. "The treatment of your infusions by heat or otherwise," they say, "must have been of a nature to sterilize them—that is, to so change their character as to forfeit the needed conditions essential to all subsequent generation of life." Although this objection seems hardly justified, since the method of experiment was that suggested by themselves, yet Professor Tyndall determined to forestall it by so conducting certain tests that the liquids or the atmosphere surrounding them should be in no wise "tortured" or submitted to unusual conditions. It is the description of these special tests that gives peculiar interest to the present record; and, as to curtail would be to omit, we present the account in full as it appears in the published paper. As it may aid to a better understanding of the subject, the reader should be reminded that long since Professor Tyndall advocated the theory that, as many diseases arose from the presence of germs in the atmosphere, the filtering of air through liquids or close fibres would serve to check the advance of putrefaction by removing the irritating cause. In this record there will also be detected the author's ingenuity in contrivance, as well as his familiarity with certain interesting physical phenomena relating to the dispersion of light-rays through the agency of dust-particles:

"A number of chambers, or cases, were constructed, each with a glass front, its top, bottom, back, and sides, being of wood. At the back is a little door which opens and closes on hinges, while into the sides are inserted two panes of glass, facing each other. The top is perforated in the middle by a hole two inches in diameter, closed air-tight by a sheet of India-rubber. This sheet is pierced in the middle by a pin, and through the pin-hole is passed the shank of a long pipette, ending above in a small funnel. A circular tin collar, two inches in diameter and an inch and a half high, surrounds the pipette, the space between both being packed with cotton-wool, moistened by glycerine. Thus the pipette, in moving up and down, is not only firmly clasped by the India-rubber, but it also passes through a stuffing-box of sticky cotton-wool. The width of the aperture closed by the India-rubber secures the free lateral play of the lower end of the pipette. Into two other smaller apertures in the top of the case are inserted, air-tight, the open ends of two narrow tubes, intended to connect the interior space with the atmosphere. The tubes are bent several times up and down, so as to intercept and retain the particles carried by such feeble currents as changes of temperature might cause to set in between the outer and the inner air."

"The bottom of the box is pierced with two rows, sometimes with a single row of apertures, in which are fixed, air-tight, large test-tubes, intended to contain the liquid to be exposed to the action of the motiveless air."

"On September 10th the first case of this kind

was closed. The passage of a concentrated beam across it through its two side-windows then showed the air within it to be laden with floating matter. On the 13th it was again examined. Before the beam entered, and after it quitted the case, its track was vivid in the air, but within the case it vanished. Three days of quiet sufficed to cause all the floating matter to be deposited on the sides and bottom, where it was retained by a coating of glycerine, with which the interior surface of the case had been purposely varnished. The test-tubes were then filled through the pipette, boiled for five minutes in a bath of brine or oil, and abandoned to the action of the motiveless air. During ebullition aqueous vapor rose from the liquid into the chamber, where it was for the most part condensed, the uncondensed portion escaping, at a low temperature, through the bent tubes at the top. Before the brine was removed little stoppers of cotton-wool were inserted in the bent tubes, lest the entrance of the air into the cooling chamber should at first be forcible enough to carry motes along with it. As soon, however, as the ambient temperature was assumed by the air within the case, the cotton-wool stoppers were removed.

"We have here the oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, ammonia, aqueous vapour, and all the other gaseous matters which mingle more or less with the air of a great city. We have them, moreover, 'untortured' by calcination and unchanged even by filtration or manipulation of any kind. The question now before us is, can air thus retaining all its gaseous mixtures, but self-cleansed from mechanically suspended matter, produce putrefaction? To this question both the animal and vegetable worlds return a decided negative. Among vegetable experiments have been made with hay, turnips, tea, coffee, hops, repeated in various ways with both acid and alkaline infusions. Among animal substances, are to be mentioned many experiments with urine; while beef, mutton, hare, rabbit, kidney, liver, fowl, pheasant, grouse, haddock, sole, salmon, cod, turbot, mullet, herring, whiting, eel, oyster, have been all subjected to experiment. The result is, that infusions of these substances, exposed to the common air of the Royal Institution laboratory, maintained at a temperature of from 60° to 70° Fahr., all fell into putrefaction in the course of from two to four days. No matter where the infusions were placed, they were infallibly smitten. The number of the tubes containing the infusions was multiplied till it reached six hundred, but not one of them escaped infection. In no single instance, on the other hand, did the air, which had been proved moteless by the searching beam, show itself to possess the least power of producing bacterial life or the associated phenomena of putrefaction. The power of developing such life in atmospheric air and the power of scattering light are thus proved to be indissolubly united. The sole condition necessary to cause these long-dormant infusions to swarm with active life is the access of the floating matter of the air. After having remained for four months as pellucid as distilled water, the opening of the back-door of the protecting-case, and the consequent admission of the mote-laden air, suffice in three days to render the infusions putrid and full of life."

Since the first effort of the opposition will be to question or throw discredit upon the line of experiment here pursued, it is essential to an intelligent comprehension of the controversy that the methods adopted by Professor Tyndall be thus clearly set forth.

As the author's application of the facts here obtained, in support of the germ-theory of disease, would require special reference and review, the consideration of it will be

deferred, while the conclusions from the results already obtained can hardly be summed up more concisely than in Professor Tyndall's own words, when he tells us that "he will hardly be charged with any desire to limit the power and potency of matter. But, holding the notion he does on this point, it is all the more incumbent on him to affirm that, as far as inquiry has hitherto penetrated, *life has never been proved to appear independently of antecedent life.*"

THE perplexing problem regarding the best method for preventing the incrustation of boilers has received the special attention of the directors of the Main-Neckar Railway, Germany, with apparent satisfactory results. The boilers used were cylindrical, and the direct purpose of the experiment was to determine the value of zinc as a preventive of incrustation. The water used was known to contain a great quantity of hard substances, the deposition of which had been a source of great inconvenience, and their removal an expensive operation. In the case reported, about twenty pieces of zinc the size of large eggs were put in the boiler, where they remained several months. At the end of this time an inspection was made, with gratifying results. The incrustation was almost entirely prevented, and when it did occur the deposit was of a loose character, and was easily removed. This question is one of greater significance than may at first appear, for not only is the removal of this incrustation a work of great labor, but the process—that of hammering—often weakens the plates, and thus renders them less able to resist the pressure to which they are submitted. A disadvantage which attends the use of zinc is that, when the engine is running at high speed, the water is apt to sputter.

A NOVEL application of electricity in the industrial arts has recently been made, whereby leather may be more quickly tanned. It is stated that if an electric current is passed through a solution of tannin in a reservoir, the bottom of which is one pole, while the other is at the surface of the liquid, and if skins be interposed during the passage of the current, a molecular transmission of tannin from one pole to the other takes place. In its passage the tannin thus encounters the skins, which are penetrated by it much more quickly than by the ordinary soaking process. Evidence that the current is an active agent in accomplishing this result appears in the fact that the skins nearest the positive pole are always penetrated first. The following is a brief description of the apparatus: The bottom of the vessel or tank is formed of a plate or series of plates of retort-charcoal. A copper wire surrounded with gutta-percha is fastened to this bottom, and rises along the vertical side. The upper surface is covered with a sheet of zinc, to which the negative pole is fitted. The two poles are in connection with a pile or magneto-electric machine. The skins are arranged in the reservoir alternately, with layers of bark in the usual way.

WE learn from the *Manufacturer and Builder* that an alleged improvement in safety-lamps has been devised by M. Boullenoit, of Paris. It consists in replacing the lamps usually employed in mines containing fire-damp, by others supplied with air from outside the mine. Fixed pipes are carried down the mine, and branches are led into all the workings. Through these compressed air is forced from the surface by air-pumps, and the improved lamps are screwed to the air-pipes by couplings with stop-cocks. The cylinder inclosing the flame is protected by a cage, and the products of combustion pass off

through two pieces of wire gauze. The match for lighting the lamp is inserted through a spring clip, ignited within the lamp, and cannot be withdrawn until it is extinguished. It will be seen that the main idea of the inventor is to feed the lamp, not with air from the mine, so as not to draw in any possible explosive mixtures, but to feed the flame with fresh air from the outside, letting, however, the air with the products of combustion escape from the lamp through wire gauze.

MR. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, by virtue of his own distinguished services, has been made the recipient of many honorable recognitions from scientific societies, both at home and abroad. The Zoological Society of London, the Linnean Society of London, and the Imperial Society of Natural History of Moscow, have each chosen him to fill the chair of foreign honorary member, left vacant by the death of his honored father. To him also was awarded, by the Boston Society of Natural History, the grand honorary Walker prize. This award is granted once in five years for the most important publication during that period relating to natural history in the United States.

ON the authority of an esteemed foreign contemporary we were permitted several months since to credit M. Boillot with the discovery of a certain formula relating to the bleaching action of ozone. In a letter now before us the writer, Dr. J. H. Cohen, disputes this claim, stating that a similar announcement was made by him several years since, and that the discovery credited to M. Boillot is at least twenty years old.

THE interesting announcement is made that a microscopic club has been organized at Honolulu, and that the zeal of its members finds expression in an order for a six hundred dollar microscope and accessories, which has been received at London.

M. DUCHEMIN, as the result of a careful experimental test, has discovered that nickel, deposited by electricity on the magnets of compasses, preserves them from oxidation.

Miscellanea.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who has both wit and humor, recently gave in London a lecture on "Eccentric Preachers," from which we extract the subjoined pungent utterances:

In the present day the common charge against ministers who had been successful was that they were eccentric. If they said anything that struck and stuck, the men who tried to escape being struck and stuck said the preacher was eccentric. And the great crime of eccentricity was often spread by falsehoods. Things that happened one hundred years ago were said of men who were now alive, and they were charged with doing and saying things that were contrary to their nature. What was it to be eccentric? If they looked at the dictionary, they would see that it was not to have the same centre as the thing to which they compared it. He supposed he was eccentric to some people. Granted: but they were eccentric to him. A man called him a dissenter the other day, but he did not own to it at all. That man belonged to the Established Church, and was a dissenter—he dissented from him. He had as much right to be the standard as that man had. The man said to him, "You are a nonconformist;" but he said, "No, it is you who do not conform to me." And was not that so? Because, who was to put down what

it was they were to conform to? Who was to fix the centre? "Oh," some would say, "it is to be found in the vestry." If they would open the door they would see—what was it? A laundry? Black gowns, and white gowns, and green gowns, and albs, and birettas, and—but he was not well up in the terminology of ecclesiastical millinery. Don't touch that ragged rubbish, not even the white rag round their necks, which seemed to be the last relic of an abominable Popery. But if they could lay down a centre it would soon have to be altered. What was eccentric at one time was not eccentric at another. Some hundred years ago or more, when John Wesley stood to preach on his father's grave in Epworth churchyard, people said it was eccentric to preach in the open air. But Jesus Christ and his apostles preached in the open air. Nowadays a dissenter must not stand on a gravestone or lie under it. They were forbidden. Those holy worms that fed on churchmen would become ill if they fed on dissenters' bodies. The fact was that, as time rolled on, what was eccentric in one age was not eccentric in the next. One of the charges of eccentricity brought against Whitfield and Wesley was that they actually wore their own hair instead of wearing wigs. Could anything be more monstrous? A holy person from Holland wrote to him and said he had read his sermons with pleasure, but could do so no longer as he had been told he was a carnal and worldly man, who wore a mustache. The rule was relaxed with regard to some people, and quite right. John Owen once said he would give all his learning to be able to preach like the tinker John Bunyan; but he said an unwise thing, because his sermons suited some people better than John Bunyan's parabolic preaching of the gospel. It was better for Owen to be Owen, and certainly better for Bunyan to be Bunyan. There were some men who tried to attract attention by oddities, and oddities not their own. He had not a word to say for such men, but gave them over as dead horses to the dogs of criticism. He had heard of a man who tried to get a congregation by saying that if they would come he would show them the easiest way to make a pair of shoes, and when they came he fulfilled his promise by taking a pair of boots and cutting the tops off. That was a species of eccentricity which he would not advise any one to imitate. It was like that of a bishop who had written a commentary. They remembered there was a man who came into the wedding-feast who had not a wedding-garment on, and the master of the feast said to him, "Friend, how camest thou in, not having on a wedding-garment?" What was the explanation of this passage by the bishop? He said, "The wedding-garment signifies the outward ordinances, and the only people who have not any ordinances of religion are the Quakers, and so it is written, 'Friend, how camest thou in here?'" That was an eccentric bishop, and he gave them leave to do what they liked with him. There were some men who adopted a curious dress. He would not defend them. Why could not a man dress like a gentleman and not like a woman? He believed the time would come when all these things would be put in a museum, and, when our grandchildren were told that preachers wore that kind of dress, they would not believe it. Old Latimer was eccentric, but there was something very genuine about him, and one could not help loving him. Did he not talk about the woman who could not get any sleep till they took her to the parish church, and when she heard the parson she went off to sleep at once? And did he not tell them about watering the milk, and, when they sold their barley, placing the best at the top, and then declare he must stop lest he should be showing them how to do these things? That was an eccentric

preacher of the time of the Reformation. Coming down to Wesley's time, there was John Berridge. He could not live without being funny. He was quaint by nature. He had no doubt that his furniture was quaint—certainly his pictures were. A person once asked him what the three pictures were that were in his room. "Oh," he said, "one is Luther and another is Calvin, and the other is the devil." The man went up to the latter picture, and it was a looking-glass, and he saw himself. When he preached the seats of the church had a double row of people in every one of them. People sat on the top of the beams, and ladders were placed to the windows, and there was a person on every rung. Berridge was certainly eccentric because he was Berridge. To any one who objected to wit in preaching, he would say what South said to Sherlock. They were disputing about something, and Sherlock upbraided South for bringing wit into the debate, and South said, "Suppose God had given you any wit, would you have used it?" There were some men who were eccentric because they were really in earnest.

FOR the subjoined good story we are indebted to the well-known "Aunt Fanny":

"Many years ago I was sailing over the broad ocean on the Fourth of July. To please his American passengers, the captain—a warm-hearted Scotchman—dressed the ship with flags from stem to stern. It was a magnificent day—there was not a breath of wind to lift the semi-transparent, golden-stained haze in the atmosphere—and so the boatswain "piped all hands" for a holiday frolic.

The passengers "piped" themselves, and rushed in a body to see the sailors act an original play, in which, disguised as elephants, donkeys, and other animals, they did inconceivably funny things. Then they gave a concert *à la* negro-minstrels, with a world of natural and characteristic humor. And in what festive, jolly spirits we got, to be sure! One of us—a bright, charming young fellow—invited the whole ship—passengers, officers, crew, cook, and powder-monkey—to a ball in the evening, ending in a supper at his expense, on condition, that we danced to the figures as he called them out. We were ready at that moment to promise to dance on our heads to anything, and looked on at a distance with delightful anticipation, while he gave some mysterious instructions to an old salt, which included some writing on his part and much giggling on the part of the tar, who walked off presently, looking as tickled as a little boy with a new kite.

After tea the deck was cleared for action. The full moon "rode through the heavens without saddle or bridle," as a "horsy" passenger remarked. The captain's "finely-chiseled eye winked serenely at the subversion of law and order," as an amateur sculptor observed. The little stumpy old sailor who owned a dilapidated fiddle and was to do the music brought out his Cremona, which whined and squealed to perfection as he tried his hand at the good old tunes of "Monie Musk," "Life let us cherish," and "The Dashing White Sergeant," and soon after the dancing began.

But the figures! Instead of "right-and-left," etc., which figure commences a cotillon, our host, taught by the old tar, yelled out this nautical paraphrase:

"Haul upon your starboard tack, and let the other craft pass, then bear up and get your head upon the other tack; regain your berth on the port-tack; back and fill with your partner; box-haul, and wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft, then your own, afterward box-haul, and bring her round to place!"

As we danced with the sailors, they kept us "to our bearings," and we waited, 'mid shouts of laughter, for the next figure, which everybody knows in the vernacular as "forward two."

"Shoot ahead about two fathoms until you nearly come stem on with the other craft under way, then make stern board to your berth; side out for a bend, first to starboard, then to port; make sail and pass the opposite craft, and get your head round on the other tack; another side out to starboard and port; then make all sail to regain your berth; wear round, back and fill, and box-haul your partner!"

After this came "right hand across," which the old tar translated into "Heave ahead and pass the adversary yard-arm to yard-arm," giving the whole figure with such droll directions that we were aching with laughter, ending with, "Regain your berth by the best means possible, and let go the anchor."

The rest of the cotillon, given with sailing orders, was so riotously funny that the jig which ended it was danced according to every one's whim, although the paraphrase was as good as it could be—commencing with, "Wear round to starboard, passing under your partner's bows, and sight the catheads of all the crafts;" and ending with, "Box-haul the whole squadron in the circular order of sailing."

If to laugh is to grow fat, our individual tonnage, that jolly Fourth of July in the middle of the ocean, ought to have been prodigiously increased. The sailors greeted every figure with uproarious cheers and a "Yo-heave oh!" while we laughed till we could only gasp.

THE London *Spectator* is concerned about the china-mania:

It is difficult even for a comparative stranger to walk about West London without noticing the extraordinary number of curiosity-shops, and especially shops dealing in old china and old brass, which have recently sprung up, while *habitués* wonder daily how their owners contrive to exist. . . .

The very business of the curio-dealer is "picking up" things for shillings which they afterward sell for pounds or scores of pounds to particular customers. Sometimes they buy out of a knowledge that, within limits which we can see, but which we confess we are puzzled accurately to define, they have a right to use. The china cup, say, is worth intrinsically a sovereign, but it has on it a mark which shows that it came from a certain hand, and is, therefore, in connoisseur's eyes, cheap at ten pounds; or it has another, proving it to have been manufactured in a certain emperor's reign, three centuries ago, and is therefore worth fifty; or, finally, it is one of a set of which only five exists, and is therefore worth two hundred pounds. It is hard to say why a dealer in china should not utilize knowledge like that, as a dealer in stocks utilizes his political information, or a dealer in, say sarsaparilla, utilizes his experience that the stuff looks rotten long before it is much injured. At all events, he does utilize it, and now and then picks up a specimen which, if carried to the right people—whom, by-the-way, the poor seller does not know—yields him not so much a profit as a prize. He does not make a hundred per cent., but ten thousand per cent., in a few days. Of course such *coups* are rare, as *coups* are rare at the gaming-table, but the small dealer who knows lives always in hopes of making one, haunts auctions, deals with sailors, and makes forays, sometimes wonderfully successful, into remote country places, where in past years careful housewives have accumulated china. He is not looking out for thieves, but for ignorant people, who do not yet know that "sweet color" will redeem any

ugliness of pattern, who cannot understand why a unique specimen should be worth its weight in gold five times over, and who are not yet aware how very rich some of the foolish are.

We wonder when this particular china-mania will end. There are a thousand people in London at this moment who are giving prices for specimens of china which would only be justified if they were jewels, or pictures, or rare books, or things the value of which could only decline with a general decline in rich men's purchasing-power; and the chances are that, if they are not buying simply to possess for a time what no one else possesses, they are blundering horribly. Fine china will always have a value. The taste for beautiful color in particular has been born in the West, is being gratified on every hand, sometimes in the most outrageous ways, and it will no more die here than it has died in Asia, where the conditions of climate being favorable to its birth it has lived three thousand years; but that is no excuse for a mania like this. The taste for color is not necessarily ruinous. People will always give reasonable sums for fine china, as they will for fine bulbs, but they will only give unreasonable sums when the passion lasts. Nine-tenths of the china bought now has no charm whatever beyond a perfection of subdued color, the influence of which will depart as men become accustomed to it, and which, as we believe, is not only imitable, but capable of repetition. There is no subtlety of genius in the Chinese blue, that it should never be repeated, and once it is repeated—once, that is, its peculiar and, we admit, very beautiful effect has been fully caught and made familiar—the mania-prices will drop down.

THE subjoined is from an article in the *Spectator* on "George Eliot's Heroines:"

It is quite true, we suppose, that many of the women of this great novelist will be the delights of English literature as long as the language endures. The spiritual beauty of Dinah, the childish and almost involuntary selfishness and love of ease which give a strange pathos to the tragic fate of Hetty, the vague ardor of Dorothea, the thin amiability but thorough unlovableness of Rosamond, all these, and many other feminine paintings by the same hand, will be historic pictures in our literature, if human foresight be worth anything, at least as long as Sir Walter Scott's studies of James, and Baby Charles, and Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart, and Leicester are regarded as historic pictures in this land. But George Eliot's heroines are certainly never likely to be remarkable for airiness of touch. It is not Sir Joshua Reynolds, but rather Vandyck, or even Rembrandt, among the portrait-painters whom she resembles. She is always in earnest about her women, and makes the reader in earnest, too—you cannot pass her characters by with mere amusement, as you can many of Shakespeare's and some of Scott's, and not a few of Miss Austen's. There is the Puritan intensity of feeling, the Miltonic weight of thought, in all George Eliot's drawings of women. If they are superficial in character and feeling, the superficiality is insisted on as a sort of crime. If they are not superficial, the depth is brought out with an energy that is sometimes almost painful. We have the same kind of exaltation of tone which Milton so dearly loved in most of George Eliot's poems; indeed, these poems have a distinctly Miltonic weight both of didactic feeling and of the rhythm which comes of it. In "Armstrong," for example, there is all the Miltonic tone of feeling applied, in rhythm often almost as Miltonic, to measure the standard of a woman's ambition and devotion. Thus her world of women, at all events, is a world of larger stature than the average world we know;

indeed, she can hardly sketch the shadows and phantoms by which so much of the real world is peopled, without impatience and scorn. She cannot laugh at the world—of women at least—as other writers equally great can. Where is there such a picture as Miss Austen's of Lydia Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice," or Mrs. Elton in "Emma," or even Emma herself, or Miss Crawford in "Mansfield Park;" or even such pictures as Sir Walter Scott's Di Vernon and Catharine Seyton? With men, it is true, George Eliot can deal somewhat more lightly. Mr. Brooke, for instance, and Mr. Cadwallader in "Middlemarch," and the admirable parish clerk, Mr. Macey, in "Silas Marner," and the rector and his son in the new tale of "Daniel Deronda," are touched off with comparative lightness of manner. Our author probably indulges more neutrality of feeling in relation to men than she does in relation to women. She does not regard them as beings whose duty it is to be very much in earnest, and who are almost contemptible or wicked if they are otherwise.

UNDER the title of "Female Icicles," the *Liberal Review* writes caustically of certain outcomes of our over-punctilious civilization:

Women, owing, perhaps, partly to their natural characteristics, and partly to the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed, are more exclusive in their tendencies than are men. Indeed, it is to be feared that this is so much so that it is due largely to female influence that the barriers which separate all ranks of society from each other are being rendered more impregnable as time goes on, and that the various distinct classes are being absurdly divided into a number of sections, the members of which hate each with a bitter hatred. It is invariably women, rather than men, who jealously guard the proprieties, decide who is fit to be invited to their homes, and formulate theories according to which the social intercourse of their families must be regulated. . . . Now, the social icicle is the natural product of the state of things which we have indicated. Brought up in the belief that it is her duty to suppress the emotions, when she is not a girl of particularly strong intellect, she becomes to an ordinary spectator as frigid as the north-pole. Afraid to say what first enters her head lest she should commit herself, she often confines herself to dreary monosyllables, or the most conventional commonplaces, spoken in a cold, cheerless way, which may well lead her auditor to the conclusion that he must have given her mortal offense, and that she has taken an intense dislike to him. Nor do things much improve as time goes on, even though he may have further opportunities of sounding her character. Indeed, assuming that she has a beautiful face and a pretty way of smiling, he cannot but be disappointed the more he sounds her character, for her lack of vivacity and life is not compensated for by a generous enthusiasm in any particular direction. Apparently she feels for nothing which is outside her immediate circle, and cannot under-

stand a life denuded of the flipperies and vanities which abound in her particular world of fashion. Yet it may be that she has a mind which might be cultivated, and gifts which might be used for the benefit of mankind, if she were not from her birth "cribbled, cabined, and confined," and filled with unwholesome notions. Her graces of form and feature, heightened as they are by art, no doubt attract admirers to her side; but her coldness repels more than her charms attract. Even her equals fight shy of her. Her fellow-ladies shrink from attempting to chat with her, while young men decline to be brought within reach of her influence. The latter prefer to go and have their "fling" at odd times in quarters in which Bohemians congregate, and in which, perhaps, young ladies rush from fearful frigidity to an extreme in the other direction. Nor is their conduct, though perhaps imprudent, altogether inexcusable. It is natural that certain young people should decline to move in the sphere in which they are entitled to move, and which, apparently, has been expressly constituted for the delectation of themselves and their fellows, for there is really no more trying ordeal than for a shy young person to run the gantlet of a room filled with human icicles, and watched over by one or two gorgonic protectors. It may be that a man has a difficulty in maintaining a conversation under the most favorable auspices; how awkward then must be his position under the circumstances indicated, it is, surely, unnecessary to say. Nor, unfortunately, does the female icicle cease to be an icicle as she advances in years—she simply develops into a frosty dowager, beneath whose freezing influence all that is best in human nature and life seems to congeal. She becomes one of those women to whom nobody with an atom of discrimination would think of opening his heart.

THE annual report of the New York Life Insurance Company is of interest to so large a number of people that we repeat here some of the facts, the full text being inserted in our advertising pages. It gives striking evidence of the magnitude of the life-business in this community. It seems that over one and a half million dollars in death-claims, being an average of about five thousand dollars for every working-day in the year, was divided among about five hundred claimants. The cash assets now exceed thirty million dollars; its annual income is about eight millions—its interest receipts alone more than paying its large death-losses. By prudent and energetic management, a large surplus is accumulated every year for the benefit of policy-holders exclusively. The amount on hand for this purpose at the beginning of the current year was about two and a half million dollars, and nearly an equal amount was last year paid to policy-holders in dividends and returned premiums on canceled policies. Persons interested in life-insurance would do well to examine the report with thoroughness and care.

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